THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MINNIE MAY.

My love! my own! no other
Can claim this little hand,
The veriest blue-eyed darling
In all the sunny land.

Adown the western heavens
The bright sun sinks to rest,
And by my side is sitting
The girl I love the best.

Your hand in mine, my darling!
While life is new and sweet,
We'll journey on together
To blessings we may meet.

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER III.

"What form is that?"
The stormy clenching of the bared teeth—
The gory sockets that the balls have burst from—
I see them all,
It moves—it moves—it rises—it comes on me!
BERTRAM.

Under the guidance of young Malcolm Macdonald, Herbert Clinton and Helena ascended the steep, rocky path leading to Macdonald Castle. Captain Malcolm bounded over the rocks with the agility of a deer, while his two companions more leisurely followed.

"Yonder is my island-home, old Macdonald Castle," said Helena, as an abrupt turn in the rough road brought them full in view of the old mansion-house. "It is nearly three years now since I have seen the old place."

Both paused as if involuntarily to contemplate it. Years and neglect had performed their usual work of destruction on the lodge. The windows were broken in many places, and the great gate before the house hung useless and fallen off its rusty hinges. The coarse granite, of which it had been originally built, was now black with age and the many storms that had beat against it. No lights were to be seen, no smoke issued from the tall chimneys, all looked black, gloomy, and deserted. The swallows had built their nests in the eaves and ruined gables, and even the tall, dark, spectral trees that formed an avenue to the dilapidated gateway had a forlorn and dismal look. In the pale, bright moonlight, the ruined homestead of the Macdonalds looked cold, bleak, and uninviting. Even the long, gloomy shadows from the few straggling trees, as they lay on the ground, seemed to the superstitious mind of Helena like unearthly hands waving them away. She shuddered with a chill feeling of dread, and clung closer to the arm of Clinton.

"Quite a romantic-looking old place this," said the young man, gayly. "Really charming in its gloomy grandeur, and highly suggestive of ghosts and rats, and other vermin of a like nature," while he inwardly muttered—"Dismal old hole. Even Helena's bright eyes can hardly recompense me for burying myself alive in such a rickety dungeon."

"It has not a very hospitable look, I must say," said its young mistress, with a smile; "but in spite of its forbidding aspect, I hope we will be able by some means to make your stay here endurable."

"A desert would seem a paradise to me with you near by," said Clinton, in his low, lover-like tones. "My only regret is that our stay here is destined to be so short."

The dark, bright face of the young island girl flushed with pleasure; but ere she could reply, the hall door was thrown open, and Captain Macdonald stood, hat in hand, before them.

"Welcome to Macdonald Castle," he said, with gay courtesy, stepping aside to let them enter.

"Thank you," said Clinton, bowing gravely, while he glanced with some curiosity around, to see if the interior looked more inviting than the exterior.

They stood in a long, wide hall, high and spacious, which the light of the flickering candle Captain Macdonald held strove in vain to illuminate. At the farther extremity a winding staircase rose up, and up, until it was lost in the gloom above. Two wide, black doors flanked the hall on either side, and Captain Macdonald threw open that on the right, saying—

"This I have discovered, upon investigation, to be at present the only habitable apartment in the house. Woeful are the accounts I have received from worthy Nurse Allie, and her son and heir Evan, of the state of the chimneys. The swallows have built their nests in the only one that ever did draw respectably, and all the rest leak at such a rate every time it rains, that the fire is not only completely extinguished, but the room filled with water."

"Then, what in the world are we to do, brother?" asked Helena, in dismay at this unpromising picture.

"Why, we must make the best we can of a bad bargain. I have sent Evan—much against his will, I must say, for the young man is disagreeably afflicted with laziness—to take the swallows' nests out of the chimney, and make a fire there, while old Allie does all the other et-ceteras necessary for receiving as its inmate her majesty the Queen of the Isle. Then, as there is but one other habitable room in the house, Signor Clinton must occupy it, although it has not the most pleasant reputation in the world."

"How is that?" asked Clinton, drawing up a chair, and seating himself in front of the fire, that, thanks to the exertions of Captain Macdonald, was already burning brightly on the hearth.

"Why, to tell the truth, old Allie and her hopeful son asserted it to be haunted, as it most probably is by rats. If you are willing to trust yourself to the ghost's mercy, I can

THE NEW LOVE.

freely promise you safety from all other dangers."

"Haunted? By Jove, that's capital! I have been wishing all my life to see a *bonâ fide* ghost, and lo! the time has come at last. But what manner of ghost is it, saith the legend—fair or foul, old or young, handsome or hideous?"

"On that point I am distressingly short of information. Evan's description is rather vague. He describes it as being 'higher than anything at all, with fire coming out of its eyes, long hair, reaching to the ground, and dressed in white.'"

"Oh, of course," said Clinton. "Who ever heard of a ghost that wasn't dressed in white? 'Pon my honor, I am quite enchanted at the opportunity of making the acquaintance of its ghostship."

During this conversation, Helena had left the room "on hospitable thoughts intent," and now returned to announce that tea was already progressing rapidly. Most welcome news to our hungry gentlemen.

The room was soon reached, and very lovely Helena looked at the head of the table, bright and smiling—beautifying even the dull routine of the tea-table with the charm of her presence.

Malcolm had already taken his place, so Herbert took the seat his young hostess pointed out to him, and the business of the tea-table commenced. When the meal was over, old Allie cleared the table, and the trio gathered around the fire—for, though the weather was warm, the great, unaired room was chill enough to render the fire pleasant.

By degrees, perhaps it was owing to the strange, dreary loneliness of the place, the conversation turned upon deserted houses, bold robberies, murders, and by a natural consequence upon ghosts. Herbert and Captain Macdonald seemed striving to outvie each other in telling the most frightful tales, the latter taxing his imagination to invent them when the original failed to produce the necessary degree of horror. Every one knows what a strange fascination such ghostly legends have. The hours passed almost unnoticed, and it was only when the fire burned low on the hearth, and the solitary candle guttered in the socket before going out, that our party became aware of the lateness of the hour.

"Well, we have been profitably spending the evening, I must say," said Captain Macdonald, rising, with a laugh. "You should have been in bed an hour ago, Helena. Here! Allie," he cried, going to the door, "bring us lights, and show Mr. Clinton to his room." He waited for a response, but none came. Only the echo of his own voice sounded dolefully through the hall. "Hallo! Allie, I say—Evan, bring candles," once more called Captain Macdonald. Again he waited for an answer, and again none came. "Confound it!" he muttered, turning away; "the sleepy-headed pair have doubtless been in bed for the last three hours, and are as sound as the Seven Sleepers by this time."

"Never mind, Malcolm," said Helena, laughing at his rueful face, "I'll go. Allie and Evan are tired, doubtless, with their extraordinary exertions this evening, and it would be a pity to wake them."

She quitted the room as she spoke in the direction of the kitchen, in search of lights.

And presently she reappeared, and announcing that old Allie was stretched out on her pallet before the kitchen fire, asleep, she took her light, and bidding them a smiling good-night, left them, to seek her own room.

And Captain Macdonald, taking a candle, preceded his guest in the direction of the "haunted chamber."

Herbert Clinton entered, and looked round. It was a high, wide, spacious chamber, as were all in the house, with floors, doors, and casements of dark polished oak, black now with time and use. In the wide fire-place at one end a fire had been burning all the evening, but only the red smouldering embers remained now. At the other end of the room, opposite the fire, was his bed, and between them, facing the door, was a deep dormer window. The room looked cheerful and pleasant, and throwing himself into an easy old-fashioned arm-chair, before the fire, he exclaimed—

"Well, in spite of all the ghosts and hobgoblins that ever walked at 'noon of night,' I shall sleep here as sound as a top until morning. Your ghost will have to give me a pretty vigorous shaking before I awake, when once I close my eyes on this mortal life."

"Perhaps the ghost, if in the least timorous, will not appear to so undaunted an individual as yourself. May your dreams be undisturbed! Good-night."

And placing the light on the table, Captain Macdonald left the room.

Herbert's first care was to look the door securely, and then carefully examine the room. There was no other means of ingress but the one by which he had entered, and the room did not seem to communicate with any other. The window was high above the ground, and firmly nailed down. Clearly, then, if the ghost entered at all, it must assume its ghostly prerogative of coming down the chimney, or through the keyhole—for there was no other means by which ghost or mortal could get in.

Satisfied with this, Herbert Clinton went to bed; but in spite of all his efforts, sleep would not come. Vain were all his attempts to woo the drowsy god; he could only toss restlessly from side to side, with that feeling of irritation which want of sleep produces.

The moonlight streaming in through the window filled the room with silvery radiance. The silence of death reigned around, unbroken even by the watch-dog's bark. The dull, heavy, roar of the waves, breaking on the shore like far-off thunder, was the only sound to be heard. And at last, with this eerie, ghostly lullaby, Herbert fell into a feverish sleep.

Suddenly he awoke with a start. An icy-cold hand lay on his face. He sprang up in bed with a thrill of horror, to behold a white, wild face, with vacant, unearthly eyes, and long, streaming hair, bending over him. Paralyzed by the sudden apparition, he sat unable to move or speak, and ere he could fully recover his senses the ghostly visitant was gone. He sprang out of bed and seized the door. It was locked as he had left it, and with his blood curdling he stood rooted to the ground.

Morally and physically, Herbert Clinton was brave; but this midnight visit from an apparently supernatural being might have chilled the blood of the most undaunted.

Sleep now was out of the question; therefore, seating himself by the window, he prepared to wait for the approach of morning. The moon was already sinking behind the western horizon, bathing the placid river in its soft beams. The morning star shone bright and serene in the cloudless blue sky, and gazing on the calm beauty without, the young man's pulse ceased its feverish throbbings, and he began striving to account for this ghostly visit by natural means.

But he strove in vain. The door was firmly locked, and there could be no secret passage through those strong oaken walls. Then he arose, and carefully searched every crevice in the room that could by any possibility be made a hiding-place of. Still in vain. The room contained no living thing but himself. Morning was now growing red in the east, and exhausted with watching, he threw himself on the bed, and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which he did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens.

He sprang hastily out of bed, and proceeded to dress himself. And now a new difficulty arose. He felt he would be questioned about the supernatural visitors of the haunted chamber, and he was at a loss how to answer. If he related the event of the night, he dreaded the ridicule of the unbelieving Captain Macdonald, who would assuredly laugh at him for being conquered in spite of his boasting; and to be laughed at in the presence of Helena was not to be endured. If, on the other hand, he did not tell, he would be obliged to continue the occupant of the haunted chamber while he remained on the island—a thing he had not the slightest wish to do. His toilet was finished before he could come to any conclusion, and, still debating the case, he descended the stairs, and entered the sitting-room they had occupied the night before.

CHAPTER IV.

And when the midnight hour is come,
A sound is heard in yonder hall—
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

In a former chapter, we left Mrs. Ben in rather an appalling situation.

Accustomed to the quiet, unexciting life of the lonely sea-girt island, the events of the night had momentarily terrified her, albeit her nerves were none of the weakest. The mysterious revelation of the dying man; his tale of night, and storm, and crime; the wild, ghostly face at the window; and, lastly, his sudden death, were quite enough to thrill for an instant with terror even a stronger heart than that of the solitary old widow.

For some moments Mrs. Ben sat still, gazing alternately on the window and on the ghastly face of the dead man before her, with a chill feeling of horror creeping over her.

The sudden striking of the clock, as it chimed the hour of eleven, aroused her at last from her trance of terror. It was a sound of life, and it reassured her.

Rising, she gathered courage to approach the window cautiously, and looked out. Nothing was to be seen but the bright moonlight, bathing rock and river in its silvery light. Beyond, she could see the huge black pile of Macdonald Castle, casting its long, gloomy shadow over the ground. Lights were still twinkling in the windows—a sight as unusual as it was pleasant—and with renewed confidence at this sign of life, Mrs. Ben went to arouse Fritz, to assist her to watch beside the dead.

This she only effected after considerable difficulty. At length, however, she managed to get him dressed and down stairs. No sooner was he in the room than, after looking sleepily at the body for a few minutes, he took possession of Mrs. Ben's arm-chair, while the old lady bustled about, laying out the corpse as best she could under the circumstances. Fritz was soon once more sound asleep. Then, when all was done she could do, Mrs. Ben lay down on the hard wooden sofa, or "settee," as she called it, and in spite of the presence of death, followed her worthy nephew to the land of dreams.

Morning was far advanced before either awoke. Mrs. Ben's first care was to send Fritz up to the lodge, to inform its inmates of the death of her guest, and desire Captain Macdonald's immediate presence.

As soon as breakfast was over the young captain hastened to the cottage, while Helena and Clinton went out for a stroll round the island.

Mrs. Ben had been anxiously revolving in her mind the singular story told her the night before, and resolved to reveal it to Captain Macdonald, and learn his opinion about it.

Accordingly, when he entered, Mrs. Ben, having first taken the precaution of turning Fritz out of doors, related the story in substance as it had been told to her.

Captain Macdonald listened in astonishment and incredulity.

"Now, Master Malcolm, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Ben, when she had finished.

"My dear madam," replied the young man, gravely, "the man, excited, half-crazed, delirious, as he was, must have imagined all this. No such horrible thing could have ever occurred in a Christian land."

"But he wasn't crazy," asserted Mrs. Ben, almost angry at having the truth of the story doubted. "He was just as sensible all through as you or I. He wasn't crazy a bit."

"Now, Mrs. Ben, it's not possible that, with all your good sense, you can credit such an incredible tale."

"But, Master Malcolm, the man told it on his death-bed. Think o' that."

"And doubtless believed it too; but that does not make it any more probable. I have heard of such cases before. It is all owing to the imagination, my dear lady. He had fancied this story, and thought about it so long, that he had learned to believe in it even himself."

"Well, I ken nothing about the 'magination, thank my heavenly master," said Mrs. Ben, in a sort of sullen unbelief; "but if ye were to talk till this time to-morrow, you couldna' mak' me believe differently. I shouldn't wonder now if you tried to make me think the face I saw stuck at the winder was all 'magination too."

"I was just about to say so," said Malcolm, repressing a smile, "It could be nothing else, you know. The hour of night, the thrilling tale, and the man's dying cry that he saw her there, would have made you imagine anything; therefore—"

But Mrs. Ben's wrath was rising. She had been inwardly priding herself on the sensation her story would create, and this blow to her hopes was more than she could patiently endure.

"It's no sic a thing," she cried, in a voice louder and sharper than she was in the habit of using to any one but the unfortunate Fritz. "I saw it all with my own two blessed eyes, and nobody's goin' to make me believe it was my 'magination whatever. 'Magination, indeed!" continued the old lady, in a tone of profound contempt. "Thank my divine master, I never was troubled with 'magination since the day I was born, and it's not likely I'd begin now in my old age o' life. I always had a great respect for you, Master Malcolm; but I'm a poor, lone 'ooman, and can't stand to be insulted by nobody. I've no doubt you mean well, but I like people to b'lieve me when I do tell the truth. S'cat, you hussy! afore I twist your neck for you."

The latter part of this oration was addressed to Tim, the mottled cat, and was accompanied by a kick, which ejected that unoffending member of society out of doors much quicker than was at all agreeable. Captain Macdonald, quite unprepared for this burst of eloquence, listened in amazement, and seized the first opportunity, when angry Mrs. Ben paused for breath, to humbly apologize for his offence.

"My dear Mrs. Ben," said the young captain, humbly, "I had not the remotest intention of offending you, and most deeply regret having done so. I have fallen into a bad habit, of late, of doubting everything; and really this story appeared so improbable that I think I may be pardoned for not yielding it full credit on the spot. Come, now, my dear madam," he continued, seeing the cloud still hanging on Mrs. Ben's honest face, "let's be friends still; and I promise for the future to believe everything you choose to tell me, no matter what it is."

Good Mrs. Ben was not proof against the insinuating tone of Master Malcolm, who had always been her favorite; so the cloud disappeared, and her own cheery smile once more beamed forth.

Having arranged that Evan should come down and prepare a grave during the morning, Captain Macdonald left the cottage, and went in search of Mr. Clinton and his sister to tell them what he had heard.

He found them down on the shore. Helena stood on a high cliff, her dress fluttering in the morning breeze, her hat off, and her long, glittering, jetty tresses waving behind her like a banner. The wind that came sweeping across the waters had deepened the glow on her crimson cheeks and lips, and sent a living light into her glorious eyes.

Herbert Clinton stood beneath, gazing at her as a poet might gaze on the living realization of his most beautiful dreams. Captain Macdonald shrugged his shoulders expressively, as he saw his impassioned glance and thought inwardly of the confession he had once made to him of there being but one woman in the world worth loving.

"Well, Helena, one would think you were attitudinizing for the stage," said Captain Macdonald, dryly, as he approached.

Helena laughed gayly, as she sprang down on the white, level sands between her brother and lover.

"I was only looking out for a sail, which I failed to discover," she replied.

"Well, Macdonald," said Clinton, "had your old lady down below any important revelations to make, that she sent for you in such haste this morning?"

"Not very important in my eyes, though they are in hers," replied the young captain. "She wished to reveal the dying deposition of our passenger, Arthur Stewart."

"And what had he to tell? Was I right in saying remorse for some 'unacted crime' preyed on him more than mere illness?"

"Faith, Helena, according to worthy Mrs. Ben, I believe you were. He succeeded in frightening that good, but slightly credulous old lady out of her wits."

"Well?" said Helena, inquiringly.

Captain Macdonald, condensing the story, gave them the outline and principal facts in a few words. Both listened with deep interest; but when he spoke of the pale, haggard face, with its dark, waving hair, glaring at them through the window, Herbert Clinton started violently, and turned pale. Helena's eagle eyes were fixed on his face, and she alone observed it.

"And what does Mrs. Ben take this nocturnal visitor to be?" inquired Helena. "A mortal like herself or a spirit disembodied?"

"Oh, a ghost, of course," replied her brother. "The spirit, perhaps, of the woman walled up to perish in the room with the murdered man. Ugh! The story altogether is hideous enough to give one the nightmare. And now that you have learned all, I believe I'll go and send Evan down to inter the body."

Captain Macdonald sauntered away, and the lovers were alone.

"And what do you think of this story, Herbert?" inquired Helena.

"I cannot tell. Yesterday I should have joined your brother in laughing at it; but to-day—"

He paused.

"And why not to-day?" breathlessly inquired Helena.

"Helena, I do not wish to alarm you needlessly; but last night, as if to punish my presumption, I experienced something very like a supernatural visit."

"Good heavens, Herbert! Then the story told by the servants is true?"

"It certainly seems like it. Had any one else told me what I experienced, I should think they were humbugging me; but I cannot discredit what I saw with my own eyes."

"And what was the appearance of the nocturnal visitor!"

"Exactly like the description Mrs. Ben gives of the face that appeared at her window—white as that of the dead, with dark, streaming hair, and wild, vacant, dark eyes."

"Oh, Herbert, can it be that— But no, it is impossible. At what hour did this apparition appear?"

"Between one and two, as near as I can judge."

"Strange, strange! I, too, heard something dreadful last night."

"Is it possible? What was it, dearest Helena?"

"Listen! About midnight I was awakened by something that sounded like a heavy fall right outside my door, followed by a groan so deep, so horrible, that the very blood seemed freezing in my veins. Trembling with terror, I half rose to listen; but all for a time was still. Trying to persuade myself I was only dreaming, I was about to lie down again, when a shriek the most appalling broke upon the air, and died away in an agonized moan. I dared not move, I could not sleep, and I lay cowering in superstitious terror until morning. With the bright sunshine came renewed courage, and I feared to mention what I had heard to my brother or you, lest I should be laughed at—even as you feared the same. Herbert, there must be some horrible mystery here. Some foul crime, I fear, has at some time been perpetrated within these walls. What if—"

She paused.

"Well, Helena?" he said, inquiringly.

"Oh, Herbert, what if this house has been the scene of that mystery the dying man spoke of? I thought of it from the first."

"Nonsense, Helena! What an idea!"

And yet he looked disturbed himself as he spoke.

"How otherwise are we to account for those ghostly visitings, those midnight apparitions and appalling shrieks?"

"And yet nothing could induce your brother to adopt your belief. He would laugh at our credulity were we to tell him what we have seen and heard."

"Yes, and, perhaps, I had better not tell him, Herbert. I will have your room changed, and my own likewise. Even if they are less comfortable, they will be more endurable than to be disturbed by midnight spectres."

"Be it so, then, fairest Helena," he said, gayly; and turning, they walked together to the lodge.

CHAPTER V.

Holy St. Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Shakspeare.

The following night passed without disturbance, either earthly or ghostly, at Macdonald Lodge.

Early in the morning, Captain Macdonald went over to the mainland on business, and Helena, accompanied by Clinton, went down to the cottage to visit Mrs. Ben. There was an inward feeling of pleasure at Helena's heart when she learned Jessie was away on the mainland on a visit. Not that she doubted Herbert; but she remembered Jessie as a very pretty child, grown by this time, doubtless, into a lovely girl, and it might not be altogether safe to throw the gay man of the world into dangerous society.

Toward noon, as they were sauntering along the sunshiny beach, she hanging on his arm, while he softly whispered the words "ladies love to hear," they espied a boat advancing toward them. Helena raised her telescope to survey the new-comers,

"The Rev. Mr. M'Calmont and his wife," she exclaimed in tones of surprise and pleasure. "Malcolm has doubtless called upon them, and told them I was here."

"Friends of yours?" asked Herbert.

"Yes—the minister of Glenleith, close to Straithmore, whom I have known since my earliest childhood. But here they are."

The boat at this moment touched the shore, and Helena, disengaging her arm, ran down to meet them. Herbert more leisurely followed, just in time to see his lady-love folded in the arms of a gentleman who sprang from the boat.

The stranger was of middle age, married, and a clergyman; yet, in spite of all, Mr. Clinton felt a sudden twinge of jealousy and anger at beholding the embrace. But the next moment, jealousy, anger, every feeling was swallowed up in intense astonishment, not unmingled with superstitious horror. For as the clergyman turned round, and Herbert obtained a full view of his face, he recognized the countenance of him he had seen years before in that mystic vision at the Mahometan's house.

For a moment he stood regarding him, pale with wonder; and it was only when he heard the clear, ringing voice of Captain Macdonald, as he approached him, saying, with a hearty slap on the shoulder—

"Why, Clinton, man alive, what ails you? You are as pale as a ghost," that he awoke from his trance of surprise.

"Are you ill?" said Helena, anxiously, as she approached, leaning on the arm of Mrs. M'Calmont.

"A slight headache—nothing more," said Herbert, recovering himself by an effort; "nothing worth being alarmed about," he added, seeing Helena's still anxious eyes.

"Why, Helena, have you grown nervous and cowardly?" exclaimed Mr. M'Calmont. "You, who used to be as bold and daring as a mountain eaglet? But, perhaps," he added, glancing meaningly at Herbert, "it is only where some very particular friend is concerned that your fears are thus easily aroused."

Herbert smiled slightly, while Helena's dark face grew crimson, as she hurried on with increased rapidity, drawing her companion with her, and leaving the gentlemen behind.

When they reached the lodge, Helena left her brother to entertain their guests, while she set about preparing luncheon. When the meal was over, Mrs. M'Calmont said—

"And now, Miss Helena, I have come to carry you off. It is three years since I had the pleasure of seeing you, and I shall certainly take you with me now. Come, no excuses—I will not hear one of them."

"But, my dear Mrs. M'Calmont—" began Helena.

"But, my dear Miss Macdonald, you must come; do you hear that? Your brother can certainly do without you for a week."

"Yes, and be glad to be rid of her too," said the gallant Captain Macdonald.

Helena stole a glance toward Clinton from under her long eyelashes. He was sitting, looking out of the window, with an exceedingly dissatisfied frown on his brow. Mrs. M'Calmont perceived the glance, and broke out again with her usual bluntness—

"And as for that other gentleman you are looking at, Helena, I am sure he will be generous enough to spare you for a few days, as he will, in all probability, have enough of you before long."

Again Helena crimsoned, and glanced reproachfully at her plain-spoken friend; and again Mr. Clinton was forced to smile, in spite of his ill-humor, at the good lady's brusque bluntness.

"You will have to come, you see, Miss Helena," said Mr. M'Calmont, laughing.

"Of course, she will," added his brisk spouse; "and upon my word I think I am doing her a great favor in taking her from this lonesome island, and letting her see a little of civilized life at our hands; though, from Helena's looks, I should say she doesn't feel grateful for it."

"Indeed, Mrs. M'Calmont, I do; but—"

"There, there! I won't listen to another word." And Mrs. M'Calmont, a tall, good-humored-looking lady, clapped her hands over her ears. "Malcolm, make this ungrateful sister of yours hold her tongue, and do as she is told."

"Come, Helena, there is no help for it, you see," said Malcolm. "Clinton and I will get along swimmingly during your absence. He can keep his hand in, in making love to Mrs. M'Gregor, while I try my powers of persuasion over Mrs. Ben."

Helena laughed, and paused for a moment in thought. She would infinitely have preferred remaining on the island with Herbert, but it would never do to allow them to think that was her reason; and, after all, a week would soon pass. Had Jessie been home, no persuasions could have induced her to go; but in her absence there was nothing to fear. Then, too, Herbert, so long accustomed to her presence, would miss her so much when she was gone, that doubtless his love would be increased rather than diminished.

Involuntarily, while thinking of him, her eyes wandered to where he stood. Again the sharp-sighted Mrs. M'Calmont observed it, and again she broke out, impatiently—

"Bless me, Mr. Clinton, just turn round, will you, and tell Helena she may go. Nothing seemingly will induce her to come till you give permission. I'm sure, if you were her father, she couldn't be more afraid of displeasing your lordship."

"Miss Helena needs no permission of mine. I am only too happy to think she will have an opportunity of enjoying herself so well," said Herbert, with a grave bow.

"Well, I'm sure that's a mercy to be thankful for. Now, perhaps, you will come, Helena," said the plain-spoken old lady; "and as for you, sir, I shall expect to see you every day at the parsonage-house, with Master Malcolm."

"I shall be most happy," said Herbert, his face brightening a little, while Helena's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

"Well, now run and get ready," said Mrs. M'Calmont, turning to Helena.

Helena soon reappeared, dressed for the journey; and then as the afternoon was far advanced, the whole party descended to the beach. The adieux were spoken, and the boat pushed off, leaving the two young men alone on the sands.

"I must go over to Straithmore dockyard this afternoon," said Malcolm, "where the Summer Breeze is now lying. What do you say to come with me?"

"I prefer remaining here," said Herbert, who had not yet quite recovered his good-humor after what he was pleased to call Helena's desertion.

"Well, then, I'll remain with you," said Malcolm, who was the soul of frankness and good-temper.

"By no means," said Clinton, hastily. "Do not stay on my account. I have a slight headache still, and will retire to my room."

"But it seems hardly courteous to leave you altogether alone."

"Nonsense, by dear fellow! I insist upon it. I hope you do not think of standing on ceremony with me."

"So be it, then," said Captain Macdonald, gayly, as he sprang into his boat, pushed off, and shot like an arrow out into the water.

Drawing a cigar from his pocket, Herbert Clinton lit it, and proceeded to stroll up and down the beach, in no very amiable frame of mind. He felt angry, in spite of all, at Helena's leaving him, and with this feeling would now and then mingle another of profound amazement at the exact resemblance this Mr. M'Calmont bore to the face he had seen in that singular vision. Was the fell prediction about to be verified?

Lost in such thoughts as these, he was suddenly startled by a voice singing a wild, sweet song of the sea, in the clearest and most delightful tones he had ever heard. Surprised at the unexpected sound, he sprang up the rocks in the direction from whence it came, and beheld a sight that transfixed him with amazement.

A young girl, beautiful as an angel, stood on an overhanging crag, with one round white arm resting lightly on the rocks, singing to herself as she gazed on the sparkling waves. Her hair, of the palest golden hue, rose and fell in the breeze, and flashed in the sunlight that rested like a glory on her bright, young head. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, with rose-tinted cheeks, and full red lips like wet coral, and eyes large and bright, and blue as the summer sky above her.

Her figure was slight, but round and voluptuous, and there was passion, and fervor, and wild enthusiasm in her look, as she stood like some stray seraph dropped from some stray cloud on that lonely island.

Herbert Clinton stood immovable, drinking in, to intoxication, the bewildering draught of her beauty. She was in every respect so totally different to Helena, that she seemed to him the more charming from force of contrast. Transfixed he stood—everything forgotten but this lovely creature before him.

The young girl's song ceased, and turning, she leaped lightly as a young deer from her airy perch, without perceiving him who stood so intently regarding her. Leaping from rock to rock, with a fleetness that awoke the surprise of Herbert, she reached the road, and disappeared within the cottage of Mrs. Ben.

Everything was forgotten now but the one intense desire of knowing who this radiant sea-nymph was. Turning, therefore, into the path she had just taken, he approached the cottage, and encountered Fritz at the door.

"Well, Master Freibourg, how are you?" said Herbert, carelessly.

"Sticking together," was Master Freibourg's concise and descriptive answer.

"Glad to hear it," said Herbert, repressing a strong inclination to laugh. "Is Mrs. Ben within?"

"She was when I left the house," said Fritz, who seemed determined not to commit himself.

"Any one with her?" again inquired the young gentleman, looking as indifferent as possible.

"No, nobody," was the unexpected answer.

"What!" exclaimed Herbert, surprised. "I thought I saw a young lady enter a moment ago."

"Oh, Jessie—she's nobody," said the gallant Mr. Freibourg.

"Jessie—Mrs. Ben's niece—I thought she was away!" exclaimed Herbert.

"So she was; but I went for her this morning. Couldn't be bothered doing her work and my own both any longer," said Fritz.

"I suppose I may go in?" said Herbert, feeling a sudden thrill of pleasure at the knowledge that this radiant girl was an inhabitant of the island.

"Yes, I suppose you may, if you like," said Fritz, in a tone of the utmost unconcern.

Thus kindly permitted, Herbert advanced and rapped at the door.

The door was opened by Mrs. Ben, whose surprise was only equalled by her delight at being honored by this unexpected visit. Near the window that overlooked the lodge stood the golden-haired vision of the beach. She turned round with a quick, shy glance, and blushed most enchantingly beneath the deep, dark eyes of the stranger.

"My niece, Jessie, Mr. Clinton," said Mrs. Ben, directing his attention to her with a wave of her hand; "she got back this mornin'. I always find it lonesome here without Jessie."

"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Clifton, seating himself; "but I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Jessie before."

"Where?" asked Jessie, opening her blue eyes in wonder.

"Down on the beech, a few moments ago."

"Oh, yes!"

And again Jessie blushed vividly, as she recollected how she must have been caught singing.

"Where's Miss Helena and Master Malcolm?" inquired Mrs. Ben.

"Miss Helena has gone to Glenleith with the clergyman's family, and will not return for a week; and Captain Macdonald has gone to Straithmore, where his vessel is undergoing repairs. So I am left all alone, and came to pay my respects to you."

"Then you'll stay and spend the evenin'," said Mrs. Ben, smiling complacently.

Mr. Clinton professed his willingness. And the little widow, delighted at the condescension, set about preparing tea instantly, assisted by Jessie, whose wild, shy glances were bent on his face whenever she fancied herself unobserved. Half pleased, half afraid of him at first, she was reserved and timid; but as this wore off, he drew her into conversation, and to his surprise found her intelligent and well-educated. This Mrs. Ben accounted for by saying she had gone to school for the last five years at Straithmore—residing there with the friend she had now been visiting.

The evening passed away with the rapidity of magic. Jessie, after much solicitation, consented to sing for him, and if anything were needed to fairly enchant him, that sweet, clear voice would have done it. Not once during the evening did he think of Helena. Her dark, resplendent face, and wild, fierce black eyes were forgotten for the golden locks and sweet, fair face of blue-eyed Jessie—this dainty island peri.

The hour for leaving came all too soon. As he rose reluctantly to go, he pressed the hand Jessie extended to his lips with such passionate ardor that the blood flushed to her very temples, but not with displeasure. Ere he left, Mrs. Ben cordially invited him to visit her house while he remained on the island—an invitation he was not loth in accepting.

Jessie stood at the window, watching his tall, elegant form as he walked toward the castle in the bright, clear moonlight.

"I like him, Cousin Jessie—don't you?" said Fritz, when he had gone.

But Cousin Jessie turned away without reply, longing to lay her burning cheek on the pillow, and muse over the new and delicious joy that was thrilling her whole heart, and in her slumbers to lie dreaming "love's young dream."

And Herbert Clinton, forgetting his vows, forgetting Helena, forgetting honor, forgetting all but this lovely island maiden sought his couch with but one name on his heart and lips—

"Jessie! Jessie!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An alderman at Janesville, Mass., was asked to estimate the damage a cow had done in the yard of a neighbor. He did so liberally, but was much chagrined when informed that it was his own cow that had done the damage.

☞ A correspondent writing from Saratoga, in describing the prominent visitors at that popular resort, gives the following description of one of them: "An interesting, but rather horrible individual, because so doleful, is a gentleman with a long, pale face, eyes deep set in his head, a sepulchral voice, who has the odd fancy of wearing a death's head upon his shirt front. And this death's head is continually opening and shutting its ghastly mouth, which horrible operation is performed by means of a small galvanic battery, which its owner carries in his pocket."

FATHER CAN DO ANYTHING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, father can do anything,
And mother says so too.
With his jack-knife and stick of wood
What could not father do?

He made for me a little ship,
It was so trim and neat,
With mast and sails, and bowsprit too,
And cabin all complete.

And in the brook close by our door
I sailed my little bark,
Oh, happy then, and happy more
That it was father's work!

Under the shady willow-tree
Our daily lessons through,
We talked of all the wondrous things
That father yet might do.

What though the kite would pitch and toss,
The boat lean on one side,
'Twas father made it, and it must
Be right whate'er betide.

What tho' the posts are not quite plumb,
The garden gate leaning,
"'Tis true to nature," father says,
"Nature abhors straight lines."

Yes, father can do anything,
So all the children say,
But could not keep his ebon locks
From turning thin and gray.

Oh, father, dear, my boyhood's friend,
Though other ties I've found,
I'll ne'er forgot the willow-tree
And the streamlet's gurgling sound.

Long years have passed, and o'er the sea
In distant lands I roam;
Brothers and sisters, where are they?
What of my childhood's home?

The stars look down upon that spot,
The rill is murmuring low,
What speak they of the happy group
That sat there years ago?

Oh, east and west, and scattered far,
One tossed upon the main,
If 'neath the weeping-willow shade
We e'er should meet again.

A change, and what a change I see there,
The twig is now the bough,
And they our fond protectors once,
Are all the children now!

A change, yet not a change in aught
Save what is born of earth,
No change is there in deathless love,
No change in manly worth.

For all the wants, for all the care
Maturity will bring,
The low-bowed form, less able now,
Would still do anything.

Father, now take me by the hand,
Let us forgetful be
Of the lost years, let's sit once more,
Under the willow-tree.

The tree still stands where erst it stood,
The brook still murmurs low,
Let us be man and boy again,
As we were years ago!

Oh, could we find the fabled fount
That Ponce de Leon sought,
Enjoy the present hour, and count
The long dead past as nought!

But ah, that feeble wandering gaze
Will ever, ever bring
The thought that he will soon, alas!
No more do anything!

MY ADVENTURE WITH INDIAN GANG ROBBERS.

I do not profess to be a lover of adventure. A life of romance and excitement may suit one of those eccentric characters who speak of "roughing it" as something delightful; but, as for me, the comforts of civilized life are far more desirable than all the prairies, jungles, night encampments, and narrow escapes in the world. It was all very well for Cowper to long "for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade;" but I am certain that if he ever had succeeded in finding such a spot, he would have beaten a rather hasty retreat out of it.

Perhaps, my reader, you may think it rather strange that such a matter-of-fact sort of person as I am should have an adventure to tell you about. But, truly, "this life is a difficult riddle;" for, without wishing to be a hero, I became one.

You wish to hear how this happened? Well, then, wait till I have lighted a cigar, and ensconced myself comfortably in the easy chair, and I will spin you such a yarn as will quite astonish you, particularly when you remember that it comes from a sober individual like me.

It was in the days when railways had not yet made their appearance in India, that I thought of taking a trip from Madras to Hyderabad. Of course, when I made known my intention to some friends and relations of mine, they were quite shocked at the idea, and warned me very seriously of the peril attending such an undertaking; but, strange to say, nothing could dissuade me from my purpose; and so, after making the necessary arrangements for a journey by land, I found myself in a bullock-transit rattling along at a famous rate *en route* to Hyderabad.

The first few days of my journey were spent very pleasantly. I enjoyed the scenery, stopped at every travellers' bungalow, helped the old butler—a pensioned sepoy—to catch a chicken for my breakfast, smoked, drank sweet-toddy, shot at the monkeys that scampered along the sides of the road, and, in fact, did anything and everything that would tend to make the time pass agreeably.

I had already completed the greater part of my journey, and was quite elated with myself at having travelled so safely, when one night—"Sahib! Sahib!" cried the Oriental driver, and he jabbered away in Hindustani to the effect that a gang of robbers were rushing down the road to attack us.

The first thing I did on hearing this intelligence was to grope in the darkness for my rifle; but lo! it was nowhere to be found, and then it struck me that I must have left it at the last travellers' bungalow. Here I was in a very unenviable predicament; the driver had disappeared, and I was alone, unarmed, and in danger of being murdered by robbers! On came the Indian brigands; and, without any hesitation, pounced on what little property I carried with me, bound my hands together, and dragged me along with them till they arrived at a miserable hut in the heart of the forest which bordered the road. The first sight that greeted me sent a thrill of horror all over my body. The skulls and bones of slaughtered men were scattered all over the place. It was then only that I perceived the extent of my danger; and my suspicions regarding the villains' intentions toward me were too well founded. I overheard a conversation, in which they spoke of *making me a sacrifice to their idol!*

By the time I had reached the interior of the hut I was in a state of desperation. What was I to do? How was I to escape? These were questions that greatly perplexed me. But suddenly hope beamed in my heart. Among the few things I brought with me in the transit was a pretty large-sized box of opium, which I had anticipated selling to a Hyderabad merchant. Well, I guessed the robbers had a peculiar liking for this commodity, from the appearance of their blood-shot eyes and unnatural thickness of speech. Here was the very thing. If I could only discover where the article in question was, I might yet be all right. I scanned the interior of the hut, and in particular the heap of things which the robbers had taken from the transit, when, to my delight, I beheld the box of opium I was looking for. Without losing a moment, I addressed the robbers in their own language, telling them that among my things there was a box of opium, and that, as I did not feel very well, I should feel obliged if they would hand me a small quantity to swallow. As soon as they received this piece of information, the whole gang of them—there were ten altogether—rushed to the box indicated, and attacked its contents in the greediest manner possible. It was quite evident that they had not touched their favorite narcotic for a long time. One by one, they gradually fell back in a state of stupefaction, at first smiling quite benevolently on each other, and finally sinking into a deep slumber.

Now was the time to act. Cautiously rising from my seat, I contrived, by dint of searching, to find a knife, with which I ridded myself of the ropes which bound me. In one corner of the hut I found a clumsy iron instrument, resembling a hammer; this I picked up, and with it aimed a blow at the strongest of the crew.

But I had not been cautious enough. Another gang of robbers—evidently comrades of those I had been captured by—happened to pass the hut when I delivered my blow; and seeing what I was about, rushed in, brandishing their swords, all bent on revenge.

Although I was aware of my peril, I determined to make a stand and defend myself. Wielding the iron instrument about, I struck right and left, at every blow knocking down one of my assailants. But they seemed to muster strong, and I felt that I could not hold out much longer. Gradually my strength failed; and, with one final blow of my pondrous implement of warfare, I sank down exhausted; my head was swimming; I felt the sharp edge of a sword on my back, and then knew that all would be over, when—Bang! bang! I recollect nothing more—only waking suddenly as if from a dream, and finding myself in the residence of the police inspector attached to the district I had been travelling through. A doctor was standing near me.

"Don't move," said he. "You have been severely wounded; but, by careful attention, will soon be all right."

Presently the inspector himself came up, and then I learnt from him that, on the very night I had been attacked, he was searching for a gang of robbers who had been disturbing the district at that time, murdering and robbing every one they found; and that, while he was prosecuting the search, my transit-driver came running up to him, and explained the particulars of my capture. On hearing this, the inspector, accompanied by a dozen policemen, followed the tracks of the robbers, which were easily seen, till they arrived at the hut where I was defending myself. The inspector had seen the danger I was in, and fired a shot at one of the robbers, who was in the act of stabbing me. Immediately the whole gang dispersed but were captured. I was found in a state of insensibility, with a wound in my back, and had been forthwith conveyed to the inspector's house.

I made a lengthened stay at the house of my kind preserver. Medical treatment finally tended to the perfect restoration of my health; but I suffered a long time after from the mental shock I received that night. I thanked the inspector very warmly for his bravery and kindness toward me.

Five of the robbers were hanged, and the rest transported for life. Of course I figured very much in the papers; and on my return to Madras, instead of being censured for not following the advice of wiser friends, I was welcomed as a hero.

I am now in a pleasant up-country station in Southern India; and often of an evening, as I think over the events of the past, I remember with a shudder my adventure with Indian gang robbers.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER LIV.

JUSTICE IS, OR OUGHT TO BE, SATISFIED.

Wil and Bertie returned to the private library of Mr. Rokeby, which they had quitted after the arrival of Lord Belvoir, who, throwing away all disguise which for some years he had maintained for the sake of laboring in the restoration of Mrs. Luttrell to her good name, and her rightful position in her husband's household, disclosed to Mr. Rokeby his relationship to his wife, and his desire to aid in accomplishing the object which was the common purpose of both.

Wil immediately subsequently learned from him that his mother had returned home, accompanied by one who had been lost to her for years, and he started to welcome her, and to introduce Daisy to her at the earliest possible moment; while Bertie, who had overheard Lord Belvoir's communication, and being quite unable to restrain his curiosity to ascertain who the lost one was, and whether she had come from the neighborhood of Dovedale, followed him out, with what result we have seen.

But now assembled together before Mr. Rokeby, who acted in a semi-magisterial character, were, in addition to the cousins and Lord Belvoir, Old Martin Stoke, Titus Vink, Dean, the house steward, the old Gaffer and his dame, Phillis Blythedale, Mr. Rokeby's solicitor, Mr. Chough Jurgeson, and Mr. Tatchmax.

There had been a great deal of preliminary sharp-shooting and fencing among the solicitors, but Mr. Rokeby, in a peremptory fashion, at length procured silence, until he had laid upon the table certain evidence which he declared would have the most important effect upon the issue about to be tried.

It was first admitted that Mark Jarrett and Guy Luttrell were identical, and Lord Belvoir announced that the individual known as Mr. Scarsdale was Mr. Gray Luttrell, he having adopted his pseudonym when, after the duel with his brother, he retired from the world. Both claimed the title of the late Earl of Templecombe, and the estates, as eldest son, and both had expressed an intention of pursuing their respective claims to the bitter end.

It was known that the heir could only establish his title on certain evidence, and Mr. Rokeby—who, as well as Lord Belvoir, was deeply interested in the establishment of Gray Luttrell's claim—believed that he had now in his possession the essential legal evidence which he determined to produce at the trial, and which would place that claim beyond the possibility of dispute.

He had, it seems, when on the eve of prosecuting a search for Daisy after she had secretly quitted Rokeby mansion, discovered Titus Vink's letter, and deeming the contents of more immediate importance, he at once, accompanied by Bertie, proceeded to number "steen" Bagnigge-wells-road.

He found that Titus Vink was not within—he was, in fact, taking a circuitous ramble, closely followed by Mr. Odam—and as Mr. Rokeby was not the man to stand upon trifles, he at once proceeded to the *sanctum sanctorum* of Titus Vink, and searching about the room discovered the brown-paper parcel with the repugnant inscription on it. Kicking it with his foot, he discovered that its contents were papers, not clothes. A brief examination settled what the papers were. He seized them and took them away with him, leaving a note for Titus Vink behind him—a note which had brought that rascal beyond comparison to the present conference.

Further, Dean, believing that he had secured these papers, had handed to Mr. Rokeby the portmanteau with two handles, which he declared contained all the documents and the will stolen from Templecombe Priory, and he threw himself upon the generosity and the gratitude of Mr. Rokeby for a suitable reward for so important a service.

With this portmanteau, after a brief relation of its contents as given to him by Dean, Mr. Rokeby proposed to deal first. Mr. Mr. Tatchmax felt his face glowing like the sun in a December frosty fog; Mr. Chough Jurgeson looked pale and excited; and Titus Vink intruded a smile into his sleeve.

Mr. Rokeby opened the bag, and turning it up, out came trinkets, objects of *vertu*, spoons, and a small packet, pearing upon the table. Dean uttered a gasp of despair as he recognized them, and while exclamations of surprise were escaping the lips of the others present, Titus Vink, with a snuffling drawl, declared that, being called upon to visit the private apartments of Dean in Little Pulteney street, he discovered all these articles, and being sure that they had been purloined by Dean, he took possession of them, with the intention of returning them to Mr. Rokeby.

Dean in vain violently inveighed against the charge as a trumped-up lie; but there was too strong internal evidence of truth for Mr. Rokeby to be deceived by his protestations, and he ordered him to be secured until the question was thoroughly investigated. The contents of the packet which bore the inscription, "*To be taken great care of, as a very good thing may come from it,*" was opened, and its contents were instantly recognized by Dame Blythedale. The antique cross she declared to have belonged to the Countess of Templecombe, who had caused to be engraved on it the name of the elder of her twins.

This was eagerly examined, and found to bear an inscription, which ran as follows:

"*The elder born of my twins bears upon his arm tattooed the word Vane.—Helena Countess of Templecombe.*"

Appended was a date. There was also a faded blue ribbon with the word "*Vane*" embroidered on it, a few papers containing other proofs of identification, all of which Dame Blythedale attested.

But it turned out that all these proofs and evidences, so long and so anxiously sought for, including the contents of this packet, sent in years past by the Countess of Templecombe to Mr. Rokeby before her death, but intercepted by Dean, were rendered completely nugatory, as respected their production in a court of law, by a new event.

Heaven has its own way of disposing of events, and deals summarily with the adjustment of circumstances, however orderly arranged by poor humanity. It deals out retribution on its own plan, and while it satisfies, perhaps, the yearnings of those who hunger for it, it determines it without respect or regard for their schemes.

So after all the evidence had been gone into, and Mr. Rokeby, Lord Belvoir, and Mr. Chough Jurgeson were in the act of arranging the immediate steps for action, a messenger arrived from Mark Jarrett's Grange, bearing a request from Guy Luttrell that Daisy would return to him, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby and Wil.

When Wil had seen Mark Jarrett fall, wounded by the bullet of Abel Stoke, and the latter writhing in horrible agonies from the poison he had taken, he pointed out to Daisy that the Grange was not a fitting place for her to remain in, and he pleaded with excited earnestness for her to instantly accompany him to London, and accept the protection of his mother. It is not so wonderful that she yielded to his prayers, seeing that her heart was in the case, and to remain at the Grange, after what had happened, would have been a terrible ordeal for her.

Wil had despatched a mounted messenger for a doctor; but when he left the Grange with Daisy, he was unacquainted with the wounded man's real condition. Old Martin Stoke, on his arrival at Rokeby mansion, had stated that the doctor thought he would get over it; but, as he had resolved to make a clean breast of the infamous acts of which he had been guilty, under the direction of his master, he had made his way to Mr. Rokeby, and next intended to seek out Gray Luttrell, and disclose to him, and to prove to him, beyond the possibility of a doubt, how infamously his wife had been defamed and wronged.

The messenger from the Grange having stated that the surgeon held out no hopes of recovery for Guy Luttrell—had declared, indeed, that his death might take place at any moment—preparations were instantly made for a journey to Mark Jarrett's Grange, and, as may be supposed under the circumstances, Mrs. Luttrell attended by Geraldine, accompanied Daisy, while Lord Belvoir hastened to find Gray Luttrell, to take him to the bedside of his brother, in order that he might be reconciled before he died, notwithstanding the terrible wrongs Gray had endured at his hands.

When they arrived at the Grange, they found Guy insensible, and at first it was thought he was dead, he looked so like a corpse as they filed slowly and silently round the bedside, where the doctor, with his hand on the dying man's pulse and his watch in his hand, was seated.

"He has not gone," he murmured to the inquiring looks bent upon him, "but his term is very brief, and if you desire to elicit aught from him, you must make the best use of your time. See, he awakes."

Guy Luttrell—Mark Jarrett, the name by which he had been so long known—opened his eyes feebly, and looked faintly about him.

"Daisy—Daisy," he murmured, hoarsely. "Where are you, Daisy, my love, my pet, my cherished idol?" Daisy approached him, and took his eagerly stretched-forth hand. He clutched it tightly. "My love, my darling child, you have come at last," he pursued, huskily; "my beloved child, I knew you would not let me die without blessing my sight with your dear, dear face."

He felt her scalding tears drop on his hand, and he exclaimed, plaintively—

"Do not weep for me, Daisy, I do not deserve it. I know you could not love me much, but you told me you were grateful to me. Cherish that feeling for me when I am gone, and—and if you can pray for so bad a man—pray for me."

Poor Daisy broke down at this. A thousand past tendernesses and kindnesses thronged now into her mind, and she bent her face upon his hand and sobbed hysterically.

"Do not weep so," he exclaimed, feebly, "for you affect me much, and I have some things to say, and some justice to do before I die, Daisy. To you let me still be Mark Jarrett, but I am Guy Luttrell, and Guy Luttrell has made you his heiress. Everything of which I can dispose I have left to you—"

"Pray let me tell you that your daughter, your only child, is living," interposed Mr. Rokeby, in a subdued voice. "Daisy is your niece—your brother's child—not yours; Gabrielle, your daughter, was placed in my care by you; I reared her, and she left me to become the wife of the Earl of Marston."

Mark Jarrett looked at him steadfastly and listened to him quietly, and when he had finished he said, coldly, but with some of his old determination—

"This has been proved to me, I admit, but Rokeby, I know something of her. She is her mother's daughter and mine. I will say no more. She is Countess of Marston—let her remain such. I have done with her, and will not alter one word of my disposition in favor of my Daisy—my—my Daisy."

"And the daughter of Fay, whom you so monstrously wronged, and whose wrongs you have yet time to repair," urged Mr. Rokeby, impressively.

"Would that she lived and I had years left me to repair the infamy of my acts to her," he gasped, guttorally. "How gladly I would slave at the glorious work."

"She is at your side now," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, solemnly, "happily in this moment of retribution."

"Where?" he gasped, and the next instant his face lighted on the soft and pitying countenance of Mrs. Luttrell, who had advanced toward him. His eyes seemed to glaze as they fastened on her face, and after scanning closely and eagerly every feature, he raised—

"It is she! it is she! Where is Gray? where is Gray? He is not dead, I know that—why is he not here?"

"He is here!" exclaimed a voice from a further portion of the room, and Mr. Scarsdale, attended by Lord Belvoir, having caught the words he had long yearned, hurried to the bedside.

How like the two brothers were, even in this dread moment, save that the pallor and the dew of death was on one of them.

Mr. Scarsdale caught his hand and ejaculated—

"Guy!"

"Gray!" was the response, and then a grim—even an awful silence.

At length Guy recovered himself so as to mutter—

"Pardon me—forgive me—I—"

"Not a word," interposed Gray, with a trembling lip; "let heaven judge between us. We will part now, at least, without recrimination, without an unkind word, with only a regret that we have not longer time to mutually repair the errors of the past."

"Stay—stay," interrupted Guy, impatiently. "There is justice to be done—justice to one you have wronged almost as deeply as I, for you ought never for an instant have doubted her sublime truth and purity. Where is Fay?"

At that name Mr. Scarsdale uttered a groan, and recoiled; but Guy held him with singular strength with one hand, while he took the hand of Mrs. Luttrell, who on the approach of her husband had shrunk back, in the other.

Then, with remarkable clearness and distinct articulation, he spoke of his boyish love for her, of his rejection, of his determination to be revenged, and the means he employed to effect his villainous purpose. Piece by piece, incident by incident, he traced the progress of his plan, and how it ultimately succeeded; how he had triumphed by ruining and destroying the girl who had spurned him, and broken the heart of the brother who won from him the prize he so coveted.

He was so accurate in all his details, that, even before he had completed his story, Gray Luttrell took his wife in his arms, and pressed her, strained her to his heart. Both were too much overcome to utter a sound; but both felt in that one close embrace that all the past was forgotten, and that all division between them had ended forever.

As they separated, and turned their tearful faces toward the dying man, they saw that Daisy was kneeling by his side, that he had both her hands pressed to his heart, and he was murmuring some scarcely audible words with the last effort of passionate utterance permitted him.

They could not put a signification to those sounds; but she who knelt by him could, and did. Perhaps she alone heard the dying breath whisper—

"Daisy! My Daisy!"

But as the sounds ceased, they saw he was dead.

* * * * *

In due time, Gray Luttrell proved himself to be the rightful heir to the earldom of Templecombe, and resumed his position in society—nay, asserted a very brilliant one, and his two lovely twin daughters—Daisy and Geraldine—were the theme of every tongue, and the aspiration of every young marriageable man who caught a glimpse of them; but Wil and Bertie made themselves so charming and agreeable, and looked so exceedingly sharp after any and every competitor, they had the best reason to believe they would be rewarded, at some unreasonable and horribly long period to come, with the hands of the fair twins whom they loved so passionately.

In parting with the characters in this story, we may say that Mr. Rokeby was enabled to prove the marriage between Colonel Waldron and Joyce Stoke a legal contract, and that Abel Stoke, buried in the grounds of the Grange, was his lawful son; that in her name he sued the colonel for restitution of conjugal rights, and that, rather than receive her, the officer and gentleman settled upon her half his income, and became a *café* lounger and billiard sharp at Brussels.

Mr. Dean was dismissed the service of Mr. Rokeby with a caution. No one knew afterwards what became of him, and nobody cared.

Mr. Titus Vink received, we are sorry to say, a sum of money from Mr. Rokeby in settlement of all claims; but we are not sorry to say that, rascality being hot within him, he got up a swindling Charitable Home, levied contributions from the unthinking, and, what is worse, the unexamining and unquestioning charitably disposed, and pocketed all the contents; but being abruptly and completely exposed, he was tried for fraud, and passed seven years in contemplation and hard labor under Government control and supervision.

Meggy Blythedale rewarded little bit Tib with herself after the marriage of Daisy and Wil Rokeby. They went into business, and lived happily and prosperously together.

Bertie Rokeby, whose minority had been very valuable to his estate—his father and mother, the latter Mrs. Rokeby's sister, both having died early—was, of course, accepted by Geraldine, and, what was not so much a matter of course, by her father, the Earl of Templecombe, as well.

And this was pretty much what happened to Wil, who hurried on matters with such impetuosity that the year of mourning was scarcely out when he commenced one of festivity with his bride, Daisy—for she would not be called by any other name. Indeed, after they were united, and lived in splendor, and, what by no means follows, in unalloyed happiness, she used to tell him that if he wished her to be specially gracious to him—if it were possible—or if at any time he saw a pout on her lip or a frown on her brow, he was to call her Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

"The name is very dear to me, for Mark was, indeed, always kind, always good to me," she said, with her arms twined about Wil's neck, and her lips very close to his. "He was the only and dearest friend I had—until I saw you; and then, you know—it brings up that happy memory—then, I was only MARK JARRETT'S DAISY."

THE END.

☞ It is estimated that soothing syrups kill 150,000 children annually, which must be anything but a soothing statement to the mothers who put their children to sleep by their use.

☞ Connecticut is credited with the laziest fisherman. The individual in question is a "Fifteenth Amendment," who ties his fish line to his dog, and when he gets a bite kicks the dog.

☞ A man in Norwich, Connecticut was bitten by a dog. As soon as he recovered from his fright, he declared he would kill the animal. "But the dog isn't mad," said the owner. "Mad!" shouted the exasperated victim. "What has he got to be mad about?"

☞ A professional tea-taster in England recently met with an accident on a railway by which his sense of taste was impaired, thereby injuring his business capacity, and a jury awarded him £1000 damages.

BERENTJE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"It's an odd name for a girl, though you very well know it is the sweetest name in the world for *me!*"

"Yes, it's *not* an everyday sort of name; but then the way she was named, and the time was odd too."

"*Berentje!* The name *is* as beautiful as a dream that follows midnight slumbers, and soft as a breath of night-air. But there is something mysterious about it. Will you tell me how she came by her name?"

The speakers were two men—the one young and handsome, the other old and weather-beaten, and evidently a sailor; yet there was about them a subtle scarcely-to-be defined resemblance, which had long puzzled the neighbors along shore.

The old man sat on the door-stone of the humble cottage, whittling a rude figure destined to adorn the ruder boat of some one of the little bare-footed urchins running along the shore; while his companion stood up leaning in a careless fashion of his own against the half-open door.

"Wait a minute until she goes down the hill! You see I have never quite liked to tell *her* about it, and she has never *asked* me once who her parents were."

"She thinks, of course, that you are her father?"

"I look like it, don't I? She is a woman, and has her share of woman's wit I can tell you! Don't you suppose she sees the differences when she looks in her bit of a glass up there?"

The younger man turned with a sudden, new curiosity to look at the things which he had seen a hundred times before, and then leaned forward to watch the girl who walked hastily down the hill toward the shore.

There was only the round table and the straight-backed pine chairs pushed back against the wall; the queer, foreign ornaments on the narrow mantelpiece; the old red chest in the corner, and over it the small glass before which Berentje had stood for fifteen minutes that very morning.

But on the round table there was a blue-covered, gilt-edged book which one of her school friends had given her, and over the glass was a wreath of sea-weed which was a gift also, though Berentje herself had made a dozen that were far prettier.

As for Berentje it needed not a lover's eyes to tell that she was beautiful. She had *always* been beautiful from the time when she wore short dresses and tied her curls back with a bit of red flannel, and built sand castles on the shore; but to-day there was a new beauty in the sweet rose of a face; a prouder poise of the little head, and a look of eager anticipation about her to which old Simeon Howe's eyes were blinded, but which his companion saw in one hurried glance, though he had not seen her for three tiresome months. She had but just returned from school.

"Has she found a lover down there on the shore?" he questioned fiercely, grasping the old man's arm. "You promised her to *me!* Have you forgotten your promise?"

"Let go my arm, Stephen, and think twice before you speak."

"Well then, you said you wouldn't stand in my way when she was old enough to know her own mind."

"You're right. I *did* say that, and I'll stick to it. But a woman must be *won*, if you can't win her heart, you can't have her for your wife, Stephen; though it *would* be the cheeriest moment of my life, when she should call you *husband*."

"Tell me her story now. At least I have a right to hear that."

Simeon Howe closed his knife, put the carved bit of wood down on the stone, and motioned his companion to a seat beside him.

"It's mor'n seventeen years ago, and will be eighteen, come Christmas, when I was sent for one stormy night to go to the little inn up the shore—the one that Bell Old used to keep—though it's not much more than a wreck now.

"It was about as wild a night as you'd want to see, with the wind blowing a gale, and the snow coming down in mad gusts, and filling all the hollows till it puzzled even me to keep the path that I had travelled so many years. But I reached the inn at last, and Mrs. Old took me into the best room, which wasn't often opened, and, on a sofa in the corner, sat the handsomest woman I ever saw in my life.

"If you see Berentje ten years from now she will be what her mother was then, though I pray God she may never have that weary, hunted look, not if she lives to be twice as old.

"She told me to sit down by her, and then I saw that she had a baby on her arm. It was her own, I could see that in its face; and beside that look there was such a world of mother-love shining in her great black eyes.

"'Sit down,' she said softly. 'I have something to say to you, and I must say it quickly, or it will be too late.'

"Then I saw that her face was deathly pale, and that the red spots on either cheek were the ominous flags of surrender—that the life would only stay a little longer in the body.

"'I'm ready to listen,' I said, and I felt just then as if I would do anything to set her free from her trouble.

"'I have crossed the water to find you,' she said, wearily. 'It has been a long journey and a tiresome one, but I hope it may not prove fruitless.'

"'To find *me!*' I exclaimed in surprise, for I *was* surprised, more so than I had ever been in all my life before.

"'Yes,' she said at length, after a little curious study of my face. 'Thirty years ago you loved *my mother*, and would have married her if her father had not given her to a richer man.'

"I couldn't speak for a time. All that old happy time came back to me, and the love of my youth leaped up within my old breast. Before I knew it, I was on my knees before her child.

"'Tell me!' I cried, 'if I can do anything for you, give it to me to do.'

"'Take my baby,' she said, extending both her arms, 'and bring her up as your own. *My* dear mother is dead, but let your wife be a mother to her, and never let her know who she *is* until the day she is eighteen years old. She will be an heiress, but I will not have her know it until that day comes. Bring her up to be honest and womanly, give her a good education, and when the time comes take her back to the old home and reinstate her there.'

"She gave me papers which she said contained minute directions, and money, which has more than paid for all I have ever done for her. She told me, too, that if she should learn to love any good, true man, I should bid her marry, with her mother's blessing. 'My own experience has led me to make this resolution,' she said, 'a sad experience, and one from which I would fain save my little daughter. Call her *Berentje*, for——

"It was the last word she ever said to me. At that moment there was an uproar at the outer door, angry curses in the hall, and, with a great sob, the poor creature kissed her baby for the last time, pushed me into the next room, bidding me never let her child be seen by a Haverood; and then the door was shut between us.

"It was shut, alas, forever! Her husband, Richard Haverood, had followed her, to steal the child from her arms, but he found her *dead*, and there was no sign there of his child.

"Bell Old was a wise woman in her way, and she kept her own counsel, so that he went away no wiser than he came. He claimed her estate, of course, but according to the directions she had left me, I sent word to her lawyers that the heiress was living, and they refused him possession.

"Margaret died only a year after that, and except the five years Berentje has been at school, she has lived with me and been the light of my home."

"But why was such a thing necessary? Surely the father *was* the proper guardian of his own child!" broke in Stephen Mason.

"You would not say that if you had known Dick Haverood! He had abused and insulted his wife—that much I learned from the letters she left with me. When he knew she was dying, he threatened his own child's life! It was then she resolved to find me, and give her baby into my care. You know how I loved her mother," he said in a faltering voice; "but you do not know why I am so willing to give you my beautiful adopted darling—my Berentje."

"Because you *know* I love her better than my life!"

"No. You love her—I am sure of that—but there is another reason. *You are my sister's child*, the son of my little Martha, who was once Richard Haverood's promised wife, but whom he deserted when he thought he could marry an heiress, and so restore his fallen fortunes. He was disappointed at that time, but four years later he *did* marry the Lady Viola Burnham. My sister—the little Martha whom I loved so well—had already married, and you were then two years old. She died when you were born, and when ten years later your father died, he sent you to America, telling you to find me. *He* would not tell you of the relationship, because he did not know as I would care to acknowledge the claim. He left me free to do as I thought best, and I have kept the secret until now."

"And you are *really* my uncle, then? And it is for *love* that you would give me *Berentje?*"

"*For love and for revenge!* Richard Haverood still lives, and it will be the worst punishment he can have to know that Martha Howe's son has married his daughter, and will, through his wife, control the rich estate, from which he will be forever debarred! Go now and find her. She will tell you to-night, if you ask her, whether she loves you well enough to be your wife."

And Stephen Mason hurried down the path which Berentje Haverood had taken an hour before. He had not far to go before he found her. She was sitting on a bit of rock, watching the waves creep in at her feet. The purple atmosphere was growing shadowy, waiting for the stars, and sweeter than any star shone the fair face of the old sailor's adopted daughter.

Her hat had fallen back, held against her shoulder by the broad rose ribbons; and loose in the wind blew all the bright wavy tresses that almost rivalled the sunbeams in their golden splendor.

In one hand she held her fluttering scarf; in the other a glass through which she looked eagerly out to sea.

She did not hear his footstep on the sand, for the wind was blowing landward, nor did she know he was near her, until he asked in a quiet voice,

"What are you looking for, Berentje?"

Then she started, while a warm, rosy flush ran over the white brightness of her face.

"Looking to see my ship come in. Do you think the winds will be favorable to-night?" she asked with a little tremor in her voice.

"How can I tell? They blow in from mid-ocean."

"And isn't that the place where our fortunes wait? Only sometimes, you know, the ships are wrecked, and then poverty sits still on the hearth-stone."

"Do you fear poverty, Berentje? Could you not face it with one you loved?"

"Perhaps," she said quietly, turning her face seaward again.

"Berentje," he began abruptly; but she suddenly rose from her seat on the rock.

"Look, Stephen, look! Is not *that* a ship come home from sea, and are they not sending out a boat?"

She had leaped upon the rock, and in her eagerness had laid her hand on Stephen Mason's shoulder.

Quick as thought he put his own upon it, and held it there—the dear, flattering little hand which he would give everything to win.

"Take the glass, Stephen, and look for yourself. See! the little boat is coming this way!"

He took the glass from her hand and looked in the direction in which she pointed. There was indeed a boat coming—a small boat containing but one man beside the sailors—a tall man wrapped in a cloak.

He dropped the glass unheeded at his feet.

"You must come home, Berentje. Your father will be waiting for us."

"He will not be alarmed. I am often out later than this—and *alone*."

And she moved her soft little hand against his bearded face.

"And you are *not* alone *now*. Would to God *I* might be the one to shield you from every coming evil, my darling!"

She did not speak, but the sweet face was down-dropped, and shy as a forest blossom.

"Speak to me, Berentje," he pleaded. "Tell me that you do not forbid me to love you."

"Could I help your loving me, I wonder, Stephen?"

"No, my darling, you can never help that again. But you *can* love me a little in return!"

His voice was tremulous with real feeling—that feeling that seldom comes to man or woman but once—and he held her hand against his lips to still their throbbing.

Suddenly she laid her head down where her hand had been a moment before on his shoulder.

"My darling!" he cried, drawing her into the shelter of his arms. "Do you come to me because you *love* me? Is such a treasure really mine?"

"Yes, I love you, Stephen," she whispered; "*keep* me here—safe. Oh, Stephen, can it be for *this* that I watched the sea to-night?"

The boat—he had forgotten the boat! There it was—only a short distance away—and the steady oars bringing it every moment nearer.

"Come, darling," he said quickly, his face a shade paler than was usual; "come! home is the safest place, and there will be two to guard you there."

"I can trust *you* anywhere, Stephen, but we will go now, if you really wish it."

He drew her arm closer in his own, and walked rapidly up the path.

Simeon Howe was waiting still, and he watched them intently, as they came up the hill together.

"What have you to tell me, runaways?" he cried, gazing into the young, love-lighted faces.

"Ask Stephen, father. He can speak for both of us," she said, running into the house.

"Is it true, Stephen. Does the child love you?"

"I thank God it *is* true, dear uncle! For it is only for love that I would ever have married Berentje."

"That's right enough. But I'm glad my plan is not to be upset."

And as he spoke, he frowned at the invisible enemy, whose future comfort he intended to spoil.

A moment later, and he sank back on his seat, pale as if he had seen a ghost in the twilight.

His long invisible enemy had taken shape and stood before him in bodily guise.

"Do you know me, Simeon Howe?" the stranger asked rudely.

"Yes. I *know* you, Dick Haverood," he answered, recovering his wits and springing to his feet. "I know you to my sorrow! You were the enemy of my little Martha, and the worse enemy of my Viola's child. Do you think I could forget you or the evil you have done?"

"If you know me so well, you know that I am not a man to be thwarted in my desires. I may be compelled to *wait*, but I always have my way in the end. I have come *now* for my daughter!"

"Your daughter!"

"Yes. I am ready to pay for her board and whatever else she has cost you these seventeen years; but she must return with me at once."

Simeon Howe stared, for once speechless.

"There is no authority that can be exerted before mine, save a husband's," Richard Haverood said, with an unpleasant laugh, and I know from good authority that Berentje Haverood has never had a lover yet."

Stephen Mason was quick to think and quick to act. The last words had no sooner left Richard Haverood's lips, than he had pulled a bit of paper from his pocket-book, and dashed off a few words in pencil.

"I see I'm likely to be in the way, uncle," he said, carelessly; "if you'll just put your name to this scrawl, I'll be off."

Old Simeon took the paper with a trembling hand, glanced it over. Then seizing the pencil, he wrote his name in a firm, bold hand; and immediately after, Stephen had disappeared inside the cottage.

He found Berentje pale and excited—for she had overheard the conversation, and was already dreading the separation from her lover.

"Berentje," he softly whispered in her ear, "how much would you do for me?"

"Anything that is not wrong," she said, hastily, "and anything that *is* wrong, I know you would never ask me to do."

"Thank you, darling! You shall never regret your faith in me! Will you be my wife to-night? See, here is your adopted father's consent."

And he showed her the paper to which old Simeon had affixed his name.

"And is *that* man really my father?" she asked, nodding toward the door.

"Yes."

It did not need many words after that to convince her; and while the two men were still angrily talking in front of the house, she had left it with her lover—had reached the minister's house half a mile away—and had been married to Stephen Mason.

It was not until old Simeon saw her coming up the hill that he dared to smile.

Then he stood up proudly and reached out his hand to her.

"You see your daughter, Richard Haverood! She is good and beautiful, and will grace her new station in life. But thank God, *you* will not be her heir! Do you recognize *that* face? Ah, you start—you have not forgotten then! Yes, that is Martha's son, and Berentje, your daughter, is his wife!"

Loud and long were the curses Dick Haverood heaped upon their heads, but they were like the idlest wind that blows to Berentje Mason, for her husband's arm was around her, and she knew there was no power to take her from him.

Before morning Richard Haverood had disappeared; and when six months later, Berentje Mason and her husband went home to Leigh Lands, they found that he had not been heard from since he left the shores of England eight months before; and in all her happy life she never heard from him again.

Whether he was wrecked, or whether in his mad despair he threw himself into the sea, they never knew.

Berentje shed some sorrowful tears, for she had meant to win him to love her when they met again—but time, the consoler of all mourners, healed her grief.

There is an old man, with white hair, who sits at their table and fireside, whom Berentje calls *father*, and who would willingly sacrifice his own life to save her from the shadow of a possible grief.

He talks sometimes, sitting in the quiet English twilight, of a cottage far away on the Massachusetts shore, and of his Margret's grave just back of it, under the sighing pine-trees, but not even such memories can tempt him to leave Leigh Lands, and the grandchild of his dear, dead Viola.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

"Wandering in the May-time,
Sweet it is to rove,
Just before the hay-time,
Through the shady grove."

So sang Elery Vane as he made his appearance beneath the old cherry-tree where pretty Rosa Rae was seated, making a pretence of reading an odd volume of poetry, but in reality waiting for the coming of the the man who now stood before her.

He put up his hand and shook down a shower of the snow-white petals all over Rosa's sunny hair.

"They become you, vastly, Mignonne," said he, with an admiring look at the petite figure before him. "Let me weave you a crown and you shall be queen of the May on the spot;" and catching a spray from the nearest limb he deftly wove a fragrant wreath which he set among her golden curls. Having adjusted it to his satisfaction, he stood off to study its effect, and Rosa, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, was the very picture of maiden sweetness and purity.

"Charming!" pronounced he when he had completed his survey; "and now let me see what you are reading. Ah! Bianca Among the Nightingales;" and taking the book from Rosa he read, in a clear, tenor voice that pathetic story of love unrequited.

"Giulio, my Giulio!—sing they so,
And you so silent? Do I speak,
And you not hear? An arm you throw
Round some one, and I feel so weak?
Oh, owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom!
They'll sing through death who sing through night,
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb—
The nightingales, the nightingales!"

He read well, and an indefinable feeling of sadness crept into Rosa's heart as the plaint of the Tuscan maiden was breathed forth in the words of the beloved Queen Poet, and from the lips of the man she loved. For Rosa had quite fallen in love with the handsome fellow beside her, and she was almost certain, though no word of love-making had passed between them, that Elery Vane loved her; at all events, he evidently preferred her to all the other village girls, and made no secret of his preference.

Vane had come to Riverdale six months before as assistant to his uncle, old Dr. Vane. The old gentleman was in failing health, and there were rumors that he was about to retire from the practice of his profession, while the nephew was to take his place. Any way, Elery Vane was looked upon as a rising young man, and one likely to get on in the world.

All the marriageable young ladies of Riverdale had set their caps at him, but he had managed to steer clear of their machinations, and nearly every day saw him a visitor at Col. Rae's hospitable mansion. The colonel was pleased with the young man's gentlemanly bearing, and saw in this possible suitor an intelligent, upright man who would make Rosa a good husband. In the event of their marriage, he speculated, his child would not be taken from him, since Vane would unquestionably settle at Riverside, and the old Rae mansion was large enough to hold them all with comfort.

Vane was an uncommonly good-looking man of six or eight and twenty, with an Apollo-like head, and crisp, curling rings of brown hair which matched a pair of dark brown eyes. He wore no whiskers, but a slight moustache shaded his lip, and altogether, as Rosa looked up at him now, he seemed such a perfect Adonis that the maiden must have been cold indeed who could look upon him with indifference.

"Now," said Vane, after they had discussed Bianca and her bitter grief, "how have you spent the day? Tell me what you have been doing and what has happened since yesterday?"

"Oh," cried Rosa, brightening up, "a wonderful thing has happened. You'd never guess, so I must tell you. Only think! we have had a letter from my Cousin Victorine, and she is coming to stay with us here at Riverdale. I have never seen her, for she has always lived at the south; but I am sure we shall love each other and that she will be like a sister to me."

"And you are glad to have her come," said Vane, reproachfully; "this stranger who will interrupt all our pleasant intercourse. No more delightful chats with you beneath this old tree, no more nice walks at twilight or quiet evenings on the old porch with you beside me. This cousin will be continually in the way and coming between us upon every occasion. And I wanted you all to myself, little Rose," in a sad voice and with a caress of one of her shining curls.

"But, Elery, only think! Victorine has no other home. She is an orphan and has always lived at New Orleans with Uncle Charles. Since his death she has been at school in some convent or other, and I expect she is a highly accomplished young lady, and that she will find me but a dull companion. I quite depend upon you to help me entertain her. O, you must like her for my sake."

"For your sake I would do a great deal, Rosa, but don't ask me to be glad, because I am honestly sorry our quiet is to be invaded by the arrival of your expected guest. I suppose you will devote yourself to her and leave me to take care of myself, in which case you will not see me very often, for I shall certainly retire and leave Miss Victorine a clear field."

"Oh! Elery;" cried Rosa in an aggrieved tone. And then she paused, for she could not tell him that she cared more for him than for all the rest of the world, her Cousin Victorine included.

But I think Vane understood, for he looked as if he would have taken her in his arms and kissed her on the spot, if the colonel himself had not that instant made his appearance.

And then they all strolled toward the house, and the evening passed as so many of its predecessors had done. Rose's heart was very light, and she sang Vane's favorite songs twice as sweetly as was her wont; and then there was the chat on the moonlit porch, with the buff honeysuckle dispensing its penetrating sweets, the tender good-night, a little more lover-like than usual, and the dreams afterward, full of the face of Elery Vane.

A few days thereafter Vane was called away to the city on business. During his sauntering about town he dropped into a picture store, and while examining some new engravings was an involuntary listener to a conversation between a pair of ladies who were retailing gossip before one of Newell's sea pieces.

"No, it was her uncle who died," said one. "Miss Rae must be a great heiress. I am told she inherits not far from a million." Then there were a few sentences he could not catch, and again he heard distinctly: "Yes, at school in a convent. She is said to be strikingly handsome. A belle, of course." Another hiatus, and then—"The great catch of the season."

"Now tell me, Laura, you have such exquisite taste, do you think pink silk with my point lace and white roses—" etc., etc.

But Vane had heard sufficient to set him to thinking. Victorine Rae,—for it was of her they had spoken, of course,—an heiress! He must see to this. It would never do to let such a prize slip through his fingers. He was struggling for a position. Wealth was just what he needed, and if he obtained also a wife who was reputed even by her own sex to be "strikingly handsome," why, so much the better. Rosa? Hum! Why, yes; Rosa was a pretty little child, but not at all his style, when he came to think seriously of marriage." So he concluded his business and went back to Riverdale.

Handsome, Victorine Rae was most certainly. A brunette of the clearest type, tall, graceful, and with that perfect ease and quietude of manner which denotes habitude to the best society. She was never flurried, or nervous, or taken by surprise, or in any way thrown off her guard. She was quite at home in Riverdale already, and both her uncle and cousin seemed but to live to devise plans for her amusement.

Vane easily fell into the current, and contributed his might to the securing of Miss Victorine's happiness. He did more; he set himself earnestly to work to win the lady's favor, thinking, with Macbeth, that 'twere well the end be had in view were reached quickly. As for the young lady herself, she was all sweetness, and the enchantment she speedily wove about Vane soon set him raving over her. She had a way of appealing to him in the prettiest, most child-like way, which was immensely flattering to his vanity, and when she lifted her brilliant eyes and blinded him with their sudden splendor, he was ready to fall at her feet in adoration.

In a remarkably brief space of time, the old cherry-tree, the porch, and the dim walks about Riverdale, could have told tales of the ardent love-making which went on daily within their shadows.

Victorine quickly fulfilled Vane's prediction, for she came between him and Rosa so effectually, that the latter scarcely saw him, or only met him in the presence of others. It was the old story of Bianca and the Nightingales over again.

"A worthless woman! mere cold clay,
As all false things are! but so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware."

Such a woman had arisen between them, and Rosa's dream was broken. She was too true a woman to exhibit a sign of the pain which rent her heart—and so she went on her way, smiling and peaceful, apparently, and was twice as affectionate and tender as a daughter, and ever so charming as hostess and dispenser of the hospitalities of her father's house. But in the solitude of her chamber when the lights were put out, and she could lay aside the smiles which were put on with her festal array, I will not say that little Rose did not weep tears as bitter as ever the Florentine girl shed over the defection of her Giulio

But she laid the bright dream aside, and was ready with her congratulations when the engagement was announced.

It was not long before there was a splendid wedding at Riverdale, for Col. Rae decided it was incumbent upon him to celebrate the occasion with the most brilliant of festivities. So the house and grounds were illuminated, and all the hot houses in the city were emptied of their rarest exotics, and a troupe of florists and confectioners and decorators took things in hand, and between them managed to turn the place into a perfect fairy land. There was likewise an invasion of guests from the city, and the house was one blaze of light and beauty and fashion, and amidst all this glitter little Rosa moved like a princess, simply attired in a fleecy white muslin.

Elery Vane was full of gratified vanity as he swept through the crowd with his stately bride on his arm. He had won the prize for which he had striven, and had no doubt all his bachelor friends were dying with envy.

On board the train which was carrying them forward the first stage of their wedding journey, Victorine fell to criticising the dress of some of her bridesmaids.

"You noticed those diamonds of Miss Chandos? They are superb! I should like just such a set."

"My love," said Vane, "you shall have them if money can procure them," and he would as readily have promised her the moon had she signified her desire for the possession of that luminary.

"But there was Rose," continued Mrs. Elery in a reflective tone, "whatever possessed that girl to dress so plainly, do you suppose? Actually a plain white muslin, and she so rich, too!"

"Is she rich?" asked Vane, carelessly.

"Rich? Why, I should think so! Uncle Charles willed her all his property—a million or more, and—" subsiding into a querulous tone, as if it were an old grievance, "he only gave me a paltry two or three thousand."

Poor Vane! He had made a dreadful mistake, and there was no remedy. Caught in his own trap, he could only bear his disappointment as stoically as possible, and try to satisfy himself with the beauty of his portionless bride.

Victorine never knew that she owed her husband to the mistake into which he had fallen respecting the disposal of her uncle's wealth. She queened it in society that winter, and then, the money having all disappeared and debts having accumulated, the pair vanished.

Rose is the delight of her old father's eyes, but he lives in continual fear lest some one of her numerous admirers should succeed in winning her away from him. Among them all there is no one who stands so good a chance as a young artist, who is poor indeed in this world's goods, but rich in every high and noble aspiration. Rosa's great wealth at first discouraged his approach, but her sweet, unpretending loveliness so won upon him that, despite of this drawback, he has recently mustered sufficient courage to confess his love, and I am certain the tale fell upon willing ears.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ They call him Stanley Africanus now.

☞ The most lavish toilettes are at Saratoga.

☞ "Money is very tight," said a thief who was trying to break open a bank vault.

☞ "I see through it," as the washerwoman said when the bottom of the tub fell out.

☞ "My dear boy, honesty is the best policy." "Well, you ought to know, father, for you have tried 'em both."

☞ 'Tis passing strange, but in New York dumb beggars will go down an alley to a gin mill and call for a drink in tones simply stentorian.

☞ An editor who was going a-courting, said he was "going to press."

☞ The Wabash river is so low that the fish are compelled to stand on their heads to get water sufficient to moisten their gills. The inhabitants walk up and down the river bed and pull fish as they do onions.

☞ A child in Milwaukee died through fright while having its photograph taken.

☞ Amateur sportsmen are said to mistake New Jersey mosquitoes for small snipe.

☞ The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith's shop in Essex, Massachusetts: "No horses shod on Sunday except sickness and death."

☞ A Leavenworth editor sat down in a reserved seat already occupied by a hornet. He stands up when scissoring his editorials now.

☞ A Milwaukeean drank a quart of ice water to get cool, and he got so cool that his friends, not being able to warm him up, have concluded to bury him.

☞ Oh pshaw! This is what the Gloucester paper says: "One of the biggest doses of 'lasses and water' ever mixed in this harbor, was on yesterday forenoon, when eighty blooming damsels were bathing on the Pavillion Beach at one time."

☞ "News of the Weak" is the head-line given by a city editor to a hospital report.

☞ A Minnesota editor speaks of another editor as a "senile slinger of unsavory English."

☞ The white man wears a rose in his buttonhole, but the Indian carries *ar-rows* at his back.

☞ A Long Branch beauty was recently weighed in her promenade costume and turned the scale at 165 pounds. In her bathing dress she weighs 106 pounds.

☞ There are two things in this world that are not safe to trifle with—a woman's opinion and the business end of a wasp.—*Danbury News.*

☞ If you want to make your coat last, make your trowsers and waistcoat first.

☞ A Joliet girl who is troubled with beaux who stay late has instructed the servant to bring her in a lunch of raw onions and corned beef at 10 P. M., which generally sends the callers home.

☞ The Louisville Courier Journal poetically remarks: "In Montgomery, Alabama, the other day, four negroes got on a spree; one took out his little jack-knife, and now there ain't but three."

☞ "Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, dear, but too much company," replied Mr. Simpkins with a knowing wink.

☞ The poet of the Biddeford Times has discovered that the musquito has like the camel seven stomachs, and this inspires him to sing the following stanza which has somewhat more of science than poetry in it:—

Thus doth the little busy "bird"
Fill up its stomachs seven,
It couldn't more industrious be,
Did God provide eleven.

☞ The ladies at one of the hotels at Long Branch have established a society for the suppression of "poker." All married gentlemen not in their rooms by 11 o'clock are hunted up by the society in a body.

☞ A curious petition has been forwarded to the President of the French Republic, by one Melaine Forest, a washerwoman, who demands a pension because in 1848 she was wounded by a bullet intended for M. Thiers.

☞ An exasperated Detroiter hurled a brick at a Thomas Varden cat, and broke the nose of a revered neighbor.

☞ At a late funeral the undertaker arranged for the husband and mother-in-law to ride in the same carriage. "Must I," said the broken-hearted man, "must I ride with that awful woman?" "I think you will have to," answered the undertaker. "Well, if I must, I must," said the stricken man, "but to ride with her destroys all my pleasure on this occasion."

☞ Dr. Livingstone writes that the deep interest shown by the American people in his welfare awakens a hope in his breast that he may be spared to come to this country and start a saloon in New York.

☞ A single squire in Aberdeen, Ohio, has married thirty-nine runaway couples from Kentucky in four months.

☞ A good story is told of a clergyman in a Massachusetts town who forgot his notes on a Sabbath morning, and as it was too late to send for them, he said to his audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should have to depend upon the Lord for what he might say, but in the afternoon he would come better prepared.

☞ White mountain tourists complain that the prices are higher than the mountains.

☞ An editor's pocket was picked at Litchfield, Ill., and he tries to make the public believe he lost $2.

☞ When may young ladies be said to be economical? When they resort to tight-lacing to prevent waist-*fulness*.

☞ A grocer being solicited to contribute to the building of a new church, promptly subscribed his name to the paper in the following eccentric manner: John Jones (the only place in town where you can get 11 pounds good sugar for a dollar) 25 cents.

In every Quarter of the Globe where it is known, and there are few indeed where it is not, the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT takes precedence of all similar preparations. Its transcendant merits have obtained for it a popularity seldom reached by any proprietary medicine. In its infancy the fiat of its success was pronounced in the wide-spread endorsement which it received from physicians, veterinary surgeons, horsemen, and the public generally. No one now thinks of questioning its claim to be considered the Standard Liniment of America.

☞ To jump into the bins of grain elevators and be sucked down the spout is becoming the favorite method of committing suicide out West.

Bronchitis.

This is an irritation or inflammation of the bronchial tubes, which carry the air we breathe into the lungs. It arises from a cold settled in the throat, from Catarrh extending to these parts, from scrofulous affections, and from severe use of the voice. The irritation from this latter cause commences in the *larynx* and *glotis*, which are the organs of the voice, and, extending downward, produces hoarseness, coughing, and spitting mucous matter, sometimes mixed with blood. It is chiefly dangerous from its tendency to spread into the lungs, and terminate in consumption. It is in the cure of severe and obstinate cases of this disease that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has achieved unparalleled success, and won the loudest praise from all who have used it. It is sold by all respectable Druggists. 584

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma D. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Fyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1873:

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By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

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By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

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PICNICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY NAOMI.

Picnics are a nuisance! They are named in honor of their patron saint, "*Old Nick*," and partake of his mischievous nature. Let poets rave, if they will, of country picnics! let love-lorn damsels sigh over the romance, let simple youths recount the delights, but don't you listen! Don't let *their* imagination carry *you* away. * * Wakened at an uncivilized hour, your morning nap spoiled, your morning dream rudely dispelled. With eyes only half open, and head aching furiously, you make your toilet, conscious, as you descend to the breakfast-room, that you look haggard and woe-begone. You are not hungry at that unwonted hour, and you rise from the table disgusted that others *can* eat. Now all is confusion; packing hampers, giving orders, running hither and yon; trotting *up* stairs and galloping *down*; calling, hallooing. *You* love quiet, and the noise is distracting. At last all is ready, and piling into a jolting wagon you rattle away.

By this time you are ravenously *hungry*, but there must be no lunching here. The grove is reached; and here the *confusion* is *Bedlam*. The grass is covered with dew, and soon your boots are wet through. The brush catches in your white muslin, and a huge rent in the skirt and one sleeve in shreds meet your horrified gaze, just as milord Fitznoodle is presented to you. O, dear! and your head in a cantering pain, while a great *goneness* forbids your seeing anything lovely save around that table. "Dinner." How like the sweetest music the word, though shouted in Deacon Tiptop's bull-dog bass; but what have we here? Nothing, *upon my word*, but *cake*, iced, fruit, pound, and plain, white, brown, and black, jelly, ginger, and clove. Not a single substantial. You turn away disappointed, disgusted! Your tired head gives extra thumps, while the deathly sickness causes you to revert with longing to the cool chamber and soft bed at home. You are tired, weak, languid for three or four days, and in your secret heart is anything but blessed thoughts of the unlucky wight who instituted the unmitigated nuisance.

IF!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

How we swing and hang and balance on the pivot "If!" If we were rich instead of poor, into what manifold blessings should our gold resolve itself! How those dear to us, deserving yet never possessing aught of this world's luxury, should revel in the pleasures and comforts, small and great, that gold can buy! If the demon anger had not burst his bonds one unhappy day, the hasty words would have remained unspoken, and we should still possess that which cannot be regained—a friendship lost. If we had but waited one little day ere penning the letter whose every word was bitterness—the letter which reached its destination but too safely, bearing on its white wings wounds sharper than steel can give—what wild self-reproaches, what bitter tears of regret would have been saved us! We are tired of this old home, beneath the shadow of whose roof-tree we have dwelt for so many years. If we could only go out into the great, busy, bustling world, see what others have seen, and do as others have done! If we might only hope to win name and fame! There are mountains, we know, so lofty and magnificent, that these poor puny hills stretching around us, would sink into mere foot-holds beside them. If we could but journey toward them now, after patient toiling reach them, rest in shadow at their base awhile, and afterward ascend until we gained the dazzling summit!

If there were only more of sun, and less of cloud on our pathway! It is too sultry. If it would only rain! It is too cold. If the sun would shine brighter! If we could only be content with what we have and are!

If flowers bloomed, and mother earth wore her robe of green the year round—if we could always be in a good temper—if people never criticised or found fault with other people—if no sharp words were uttered—if friends never turned to foes—if we were all as good and kind, and loving, and forgiving as it lies in our power to be—what a sunny paradise we might make of our world!

And, here we go, swinging, hanging, and balancing forever on that "*If*," "*If*," "*If!*"

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Side-Saddle Question.

It may be that the side-saddle so long in use by women accustomed to ride on horseback is a blundering contrivance, as unsafe and unnecessary as it is certainly uncomfortable; but the use of the ordinary saddle by ladies will not be brought into fashion by such efforts as those of the "Five Young Ladies" who have written to one of our New York contemporaries on the subject. Their letter is not the production of sensible women, anxious to promote what they profess to be a desirable reform. It bears all the marks of an effort for display and sensation. One of them says she is going to discontinue the use of the side-saddle and use a man's saddle instead, because she once came near being badly hurt by the side-saddle. This much is possibly right enough. But when she writes to a newspaper that she and four others intend to "brave public opinion," and that they will be at the Fifth avenue entrance to the Park, in Bloomer costume, on Saturday next, at three o'clock in the afternoon—it is evident enough that reform is not her principal object. Such "Young Ladies" are not likely to have many imitators among sensible persons of their sex, and the side-saddle "nuisance," if it be a nuisance, will remain the longer unabated.

[The talk against the side-saddle is bosh. It is not more difficult to ride—it is not unhealthy—and a lady looks tenfold more graceful and beautiful on it than on a man's saddle.—*Ed. Post.*]

☞ The London bootblacks wear a regular uniform, and, under the direction of the police authorities, are posted at convenient points throughout the city.

LIFE AS IT IS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY M. B. W. PARRISH.

It was night in the city of New York, that London of our republic. Huge masses of dense, dark, angry-looking clouds piled high in the heavens, the moon was scarce visible, and the few stars that could be discerned flickered and glimmered but faintly through the thick darkness.

The lights from the street lamps looked pale and sickly, but the few persons who trod the sidewalk regarded the darkness as a lesser inconvenience than the keen blasts of wind that ever and anon came sweeping round the corners.

It was Sunday night, and notwithstanding its gloomy aspect, the streets were not altogether desolate. Some few pedestrians were abroad, and now and then some handsome equipage went rolling by, its lights glimmering through the darkness like eyes of fire.

Out from one of the almost numberless by-streets with which New York abounds, the figure of a female came gliding noiselessly. A look, half-shy, half-fearless passed over her face as she turned into the public thoroughfare.

Very young was she, not more than twenty—a slight form, fair hair falling unbound to her waist, and a face over which hung a shadow darker than the dense blackness of the clouds above her. Despair, bitter suffering, keen regret, fierce determination were plainly written on every feature. She walked very slowly and steadily along, seemingly oblivious to all around her, until she came in front of a magnificent edifice dedicated to the service of God. The organ was playing that unequalled production, Mozart's "Gloria in Excelsis," and the music, rich, grand, sublime wooed her attention, and she paused and listened. When the last note had died away, leaving a rich, sweet cadence still lingering on the air, the minister arose and announced his text, and the words reached the listening ear of the poor wanderer outside. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." So sweet, so gentle and soothing, she did not know very well what they meant, she would wait a moment and hear what the minister would say. She glanced through the open door. Ribbons, and feathers and flowers, ladies attired in the richest garb of fashion, richly carpeted aisles, velvet-cushioned pews, golden brackets and mountings gleamed before her astonished gaze, and she clasped her hands together with a pleading motion, and muttered under her breath, "Oh, if I only dared to enter. But I am too wicked to be with Christians."

The minister proceed to tell his hearers, in a mild, persuasive voice, of the goodness of our blessed Jesus in inviting *all* to come unto Him and be saved. No matter what sorrow or sin may o'erburden the soul, no matter how far we have wandered astray, nor how sad our lives have been, we still may come and find everlasting rest. The poor soul standing outside, in the darkness of the night, as well as of sin and ignorance, took courage and crept into the vestibule, saying as she did so, "If that was only for me. But I've been so very, *very* wicked. Maybe some one will speak to me and tell me if it's possible for God to forgive such a wretch as I." She crouched close to the door and waited. The fierce, daring expression of her face had now given place to one of extreme humility. In a little while the congregation began moving out.

One after one passed by, until every one had gone, *even the minister*, but instead of speaking a kind word to the poor wretch who stood tremblingly by the entrance, the rich laces and silks were drawn aside to keep from coming in contact with the coarser fabric with which the girl was clothed. Ladies of wealth and station, who gave liberally to the support of the minister, contributed handsomely to the erection of this magnificent place of worship, sung in their choir, joined the minister reverentially, as he repeated, "lead *us* not into temptation," had nothing but glances of scorn for the miserable being, just trembling on the verge of ruin, pulled their costly skirts aside, and wondered why the police did not put such *things* as that in the watch-house.

When such expressions as this reached her ears, all the old, vindictive, rebellious feelings came back, with the memory of a life of sin and bitterness—and muttering to herself, "It's no use. I can't be good. The world will never let me; and the sooner I'm out of it the better;" she crept from the church, and after a hurried walk, stood on the brink of the surging river. Not a moment did she hesitate to consider the enormity of the crime she was about to commit, but heedlessly cast herself into its turbulent waters.

A day or two after, the papers chronicled the fact of the body of an unknown girl being found in the river, no one to identify it, buried with the unknown dead," &c., &c. The old, old story, just such as we note almost every day, as we casually glance adown the columns of the dailies.

Christian women, is this your boasted piety? You who are spoken of as wielding so great an influence, at the present day, who are lauded for your meekness, gentleness, and love, the great source from which *men* derive their generous ideas of philanthrophy and religion, is this the spirit in which you perform such noble deeds? Ah, ladies, throw away all foolish ideas of pride, aristocracy, and the evils attendant thereupon—gather up your silken garments, tread your way through the filthy lanes and alleys, up the rickety stairs, and save those miserable creatures just tottering on the verge of hell. You may build fine churches, dedicate them to the Lord, furnish them in splendor and at fabulous cost—but while hundreds of souls, within a few yards of your own door, are perishing for the word of life—souls that are appealing to you for light and knowledge, little will be your reward. God wants no church too grand for the meanest soul on earth to enter. There's many a story of "one more unfortunate," that might be spared to the world, if you, woman, would but do the half of your duty. Seek out the lost and fallen ones from the vile haunts of shame and sin, teach them the story of the cross, and rescue them from a yawning destruction. Your silken skirts will not be contaminated by their sin and filth and wretchedness, and you will have achieved a nobler work than; founding a college, or giving your thousands to the erection of a temple. There are hundreds of such characters, not only in the great metropolis of New York, but all over our land, and they cry to you to lift them from a pit of ignorance and sin. This is not man's work—woman alone can accomplish it. And at your hands will their souls be required—you who abide in the midst of them, see them daily, know they are steeping their souls in pollution and guilt, day by day, and if you stretch not forth your hand to save them—if you calmly allow them to go down to perdition, the very stones will cry out against you. Go forth, then, like noble Christian women of a Christian period, single out the poor, the distressed, the degraded—visit the vile abodes of destitution, and ignorance, and shame—place a gentle touch upon the squalid arm of some miserable outcast, whisper kind words, teach them the simple truths of salvation—and although your name may not be heralded by the trump of fame to the listening ears of a world, He will reward you, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

CAPE MAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA HOUSE,
Cape May, August 1st, 1872.

DEAR POST!
'Tis surely time that I
Begin to say my say,
If e'er I mean to write to you
The "gossip of Cape May."

Well then—when skies seemed all aflame,
As if the Sun again
Had given to madcap Phaeton
The charge of steed and rein;
We left the heat-baked city—glad
Of chance to get away,
And took the 4 P. M. Express,
For ocean-cooled Cape May.
On sped the cars—nor stop nor stay,
The Fire-King did his best,
Till in the Philadelphia House,
Our weary frames found rest.

How calmly sweet that first night's sleep,
By wandering Nereids fanned;
How gloriously arose the sun,
Smiling on sea and land.
How relishing our breakfast was!
The new-laid eggs and ham—
Clear coffee, home-baked bread, and oh!
The Fritters of the Clam!

And then the Bathing Bell is heard,
And to the beach we hie;
And o'er the laughing, struggling crowd,
The foaming billows fly.
Health kisses every sun-burnt cheek,
Strength pours through every vein,
As dripping, glowing from the surf,
We shoreward strive again.

But should you ask me to translate
"What the wild waves are saying,"
They moan of things that well may mar
The pleasures of Cape Maying.
They speak of frenzied shrieks for aid,
Of helpless arms up-flung,
And Death awaiting 'neath the waves,
The loving, loved, and young.

Yet still the wheels of Time roll on,
Still pleasures new advance;
The yacht, the gun, the fishing-rod,
The dinner and the dance.
And blessings on the generous hearts
Who spread the banquets rare!
And Poverty's pale children called
The lavish feast to share.

The Full-Dress Balls—what radiant gems
With radiant eyes contended;
How many hearts were lost and won,
Ere those gay revels ended.
And Phantom Hops—dear me! what names
Out of men's brains are cropping—
They hover, float, or glide, but who
E'er heard of Phantoms *hopping!*

And then the Full-Dress Children's Hops—
The worst of Cape May's follies;
Babies, who should be fast asleep,
Or playing with their dollies,
Kept up till midnight—dressed, displayed,
And flattered, till the seeds
Of envy, malice, self-conceit,
Grow fast to poisonous weeds.

But oh! oh! oh!—I can't go on—
Confound these vile musquitoes!
Here, here they come! battalions fierce,
Ready at once to eat us.
In vain I seek the Ocean Porch,
In vain for hartshorn cry;
I give it up—I'll leave Cape May
At once—Dear Post, good-bye!

WINNIE WINTERGREEN.

How Mr. Quidkins's Life Has Been a Failure.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Quidkins is not the man he ought to be. Now pray do not misunderstand me. Pray do not think that I am going to traduce Mr. Quidkins, and serve him up to you in a spicy dish of scandal. Nothing of the sort. Quidkins is really a most estimable man. When I say that he is not the man he ought to be, I do not mean to say in equivocal English that he is everything he ought not to be. Quidkins has been stinted. He is not more than half developed. Nature intended him for one of her grand masterpieces. Nature has done her part; the untoward circumstances of locality and association have done the remainder; or rather, have undone it. Therefore Quidkins falls far short of the pattern on which Nature planned him. Therefore Quidkins is not more than half developed. Therefore Quidkins is not the man he ought to be.

When Quidkins was a baby his father moved into the wrong neighborhood. It is recorded of just Lot that he "pitched his tent toward Sodom," because Sodom was in a goodly land, "like the garden of the Lord." But Lot, though just, was not wise, as the sequel proved. Had money-getting been his sole object in life, he might have settled in a less opulent land and come out far richer in the end. For when he did "come out" of Sodom, he, like a snail, brought with him no wealth except what was on his back.

Quidkins's father moved away up into Skinnington Corners because he could buy a farm up there for next to nothing. To be sure the farm was mostly worn-out or sowed with granite ledges and boulders and cobble stones. But Oldman Quidkins was poor. It was a great thing in his mind to have a farm of his own. He had only so much money—a sum too trifling to name—and never expected to have any more. With this trifle he could buy the Skinnington place, and there wasn't probably another "place" in the State that he could buy for the money. Oldman Quidkins had farmed it at the halves ever since he was married; that is, some nine or ten years, and thus far he had only been able to accumulate a few small debts, and to furnish his growing family with a slender living. The money which we spoke of his possessing was a little windfall very unexpectedly left him by a bachelor uncle. And as neither Oldman Quidkins nor his wife had any other bachelor uncle, of course he never expected to have any more money. Thus then was Quidkins pater induced to locate in Skinnington. He paid his few small debts before he entertained a thought of buying the farm, for Oldman Quidkins was to his heart's core an honest man.

Oldman Quidkins had for his nearest neighbor one Remaliah Skinnington, better known as 'Liah Skinnington. This was a most unfortunate thing for young Quidkins.

There were a good many Skinningtons in this neighborhood. Quidkins's farm had belonged to a Skinnington, who having drank up this as well as his other earthly possessions, ended his days in the poor-house.

'Liah Skinnington did not drink intoxicating fluids. He couldn't afford it. 'Liah Skinnington never smoked or wasted any money. He couldn't afford it. 'Liah Skinnington never drank new milk when he could get skim, if the milk belonged to himself, nor allowed large potatoes to be cooked for his table. He couldn't afford it. He never ate butter, or kept a dog, or bought any sugar but brown, and not more than two or three pounds of that at once. He couldn't afford it. 'Liah Skinnington never gave any one the odd half cent in a bargain. He never popped a fire-cracker or indulged in lamb and peas on the fourth of July. He never fed his fowls or hogs a superfluous grain of corn. He never allowed field mice to burrow in his arable ground, or robins to light in his cherry trees. He couldn't afford it. If robins or field mice did thus trespass, they did it at their own mortal risk and contrary to his express orders. 'Liah Skinnington never told the truth when telling a falsehood would better serve his selfish purposes. He couldn't afford it. There was very little that 'Liah Skinnington could afford more than to skin the shallow surface of his gravelly farm and to skin the flinty face of the almighty dollar. And 'Liah Skinnington managed by hook or by crook to scrape together quite a little property. He was called a thrifty farmer, but "everlasting mean."

Oldman Quidkins never duly considered the effect it might have upon his children to grow up in the Skinnington neighborhood. If he had he would have abandoned the idea of settling there, even though by so doing he had resigned the sure prospect of obtaining a dozen rich farms of his own; he would have been content to continue the discouraging process of farming it at the halves and accumulating small debts in a more morally healthy locality until his sons grew old enough to help him pay his debts and secure a home for his old age.

Oldman Quidkins's fine family of boys grew up with narrow views and narrower habits. It was unavoidable that their minds should be pinched and cramped and dwarfed. Our Quidkins is by far the noblest of the family. He is just as large-souled a man as his wife would let him be. Quidkins's wife has always kept a flat stone on his head, so to speak. She has always kept him laced up in corsets as it were. She has always forced him to walk in the narrowest of paths, and to stand in the tightest and most pinching of shoes metaphorically.

I have stated before what I now repeat; it was a most unfortunate thing for young Quidkins that his father moved into Skinnington Corners, and that he had for his nearest neighbor Remaliah Skinnington. For young Quidkins in his seventeenth year married Prudence Skinnington, the oldest and best looking of the five Skinnington girls.

Prudence Skinnington was twenty-five, and had cut her eye teeth when she espoused Quidkins. In person she was like her mother who was a handsome woman; in mind and heart and soul she was like her father, only more so.

A wife shapes a man's life, sets bounds to his intellect; determines his social and financial status; in brief, a wife is the making or the unmaking of a man. And when a woman of twenty-five adopts a husband of sixteen she is apt to "put him through" a thorough course of training, and to completely make him over into her beau-ideal of a man. Prudence has put Quidkins through a thorough course of sprouts. He doesn't dare to walk across her kitchen with the same pair of boots that he wears in the barn-yard. Prudence has a hair-cloth sofa in her best room, and a chintz-covered lounge in her sitting-room, but Quidkins wouldn't dare to lie down on either of them when he comes in tired from his work; it would be as much as his life was worth to attempt it, or at least his peace and quiet for the next ten or twenty days.

Quidkins ought to have had a liberal education. Not but what every man ought to have; but fertile fields make better returns than sterile ones for a thorough cultivation. A few months each year in the very poor winter school at Skinnington Corners constituted Quidkins's sole educational advantages before marriage. Since then, feeling the need of more knowledge in the practical details of life, and suffering with that burning thirst for it which a mind like his must ever feel, he has tried to pursue various branches of study by the aid of books; spending odd times—winter evenings and rainy days—at the beloved employment. But a hard time he has had of it. Mrs. Quidkins hates books. She will not allow Quidkins to read one peaceably in her presence. Also she continually contrives to have a rod in soak for him on winter evenings and on rainy days.

Quidkins always wanted to take a newspaper, but Mrs. Quidkins never would allow it. She says she won't have him wasting his time over them good-for-nothing papers. And when he persistently and audaciously insisted on his right to take a paper, and tried to show her the necessity they both had morally and financially, for the information that might be gleaned from one, she authoritatively bade him go borrow of his neighbors if he couldn't live without a newspaper. After many years of habitual borrowing and blushing with shame at the meanness of it, Quidkins secretly ventured a year ago to pay half the subscription price for a good family paper. A neighbor of his pays the other half, has the paper come in his name, and enjoys the first reading thereof. When the paper is a week old Quidkins borrows it. Mrs. Quidkins of course never wonders that he does not return it. Newspapers are handy for waste paper, and it is not in accordance with Mrs. Quidkins' code of morals to return anything borrowed.

Quidkins inherits his honest father's sterling integrity. Mrs. Quidkins, as I have elsewhere intimated has a double share of her father's spirit of meanness.

Quidkins would pay all his honest debts if it were within his power; but his wife keeps a tight grip upon his purse-strings and never lets him have any money if she can help it. She brought him up to deposit all his earnings with her. There is no fear but she will husband them well. If Mrs. Quidkins should die to-day, Quidkins wouldn't know where to find money enough to pay her funeral expenses. He would have to search the house, and then perhaps he would not find the pocket-book which she keeps prudently stored away with their bank-book and other valuable papers, no one but herself knows where.

Quidkins would go to church if he dare, but there isn't any church up in Skinnington Corners. When a boy he used to foot it five miles over to Beanpole meeting-house. That was all the recreation Quidkins had when a boy. The Skinnington girls used to dress fine and go to meeting there with their father's shaky carryall and bony old horse, for the Skinnington girls worked hard and earned considerable money, a part of which they would lay out in dress whether their father liked or disliked it. When only two or three of them went they sometimes used to take in young Quidkins to drive for them. Thus it was that Prudence Skinnington, with her fine figure and handsome face, finally succeeded in capturing the boyish fancy of young Quidkins.

But now, Quidkins, the man, seldom ventures to go to the Beanpole meeting-house. His wife doesn't want to go to meeting, and she doesn't want him to go. If he attempts to go with the horse, she thinks it is a pity if *her* horse cannot rest one day in seven, after working like a dog six days. If he ventures to walk he is sure to receive a curtain lecture on the sin of wasting shoe-leather and spoiling his good clothes.

Quidkins still lives in the Skinnington neighborhood on a farm adjoining his father's, a small, stony, hilly tract of land which his wife received from her father as her dowry. This farm is always "my farm" with Mrs. Quidkins; the house is "my house;" the barn, the stock, all the products of the farm are likewise "mine." Quidkins seems to be nothing more than a farm hand, a man-of-all-work, a kind of feudal serf whom Mrs. Quidkins also looks upon as a valuable but occasionally unruly piece of property. Unruly, because Quidkins sometimes has a mind of his own, and asserts his right to speak or act his mind. Still Mrs. Quidkins usually carries things all her own way.

Quidkins's wife's farm is hilly, as I have already told you, and has a good-sized brook running through it, which I have not already told you. Mrs. Quidkins persists in calling this brook a river, and insists on Quidkins' selling a water-privilege for a small grist or other mill. Quidkins would willingly do so; but when he finds a purchaser and has almost concluded a bargain, Mrs. Quidkins steps in with her grasping clamors for a higher price, and thus breaks up the transaction. Then she scolds Quidkins for the next six months because he didn't sell the "privilege."

There is a ledge of excellent granite upon Quidkins's wife's farm. Some years ago Quidkins wished to open a quarry there, but Mrs. Quidkins would not allow it. They were not near enough to the railroad. It would cost all the stone was worth to cart it. Then there would forever be a dinning and a hammering, and a blasting of rocks under her nose. Neither man nor animal would be safe, and she never should enjoy another moment's peace. No. She wouldn't have such a thing as a quarry on *her* farm.

Quidkins doesn't carry his head so erect as he ought to. His nose is too often held to the grindstone. He goes with his eyes cast down and his head bent as if he were oppressed with sadness or lost in engrossing contemplation. Sometimes when he meets with another person of large mind or mature thought he falls into conversation upon some of those subjects which he never hears mentioned within his own doors, political, spiritual, æsthetical. Then the lifting of the brow, the lighting up of the eye, the language of the soul speaking in every lineament of his face, show something of what Quidkins might have been had his lot been cast in more propitious paths.

There is little upward progress with a couple when one is continually pulling up hill and the other down. The one who pulls down is apt to exert the preponderating force.

Poor Quidkins will never soar until he has angel wings. This world will never witness the grand development of his higher nature. Even should he ever be freed from the hymenial bondage in which he has been enslaved nearly all his life, he cannot now outgrow the benumbing, stultifying influences that have from boyhood pressed him down to earth. Quidkins and all such as he must look to the life beyond this for the expansion of their mental and moral powers, for the gratification of their celestial aspirations.

H. W. S.

A KNOT OF BLUE RIBBON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

The moonlight filled the air with a dreamy haze, and turned the snow on the murmuring waves to silver. The clang of the band was heard at intervals, mingling with the drowsy roar that came up from the smooth, white beach. Dora Forde and Albert Ellis stood among the vine-embowered vases at the end of the piazza.

They were both silent. Dora toyed nervously with her bouquet of pansies, while Albert looked straight out to sea, and drew a succession of long breaths, as if he were drinking inspiration from the air. A trying moment had come. Albert was about to propose, and Dora knew it. Neither of them belonged to a "fast set," and a dozen previous flirtations had not made the situation hackneyed.

"Dora—my own—" began the young gentleman.

"Oh, don't!" said Dora, tremulously.

"Dora, I love you."

The affair was approaching a crisis, when a rustling of stiff silk made itself heard, and Aunt Almira approached the pair. Albert bit his lip. Dora felt like crying.

"Dora, I *am* surprised?" began Aunt Almira, "you'll really catch your death of cold! I declare it's quite chilly."

"It's very pleasant, aunt—that is—"

"Oh, no doubt, *no doubt*," returned Aunt Almira, sarcastically, not deigning to notice Albert, "but you must come in.

"If Miss Forde had a shawl," suggested Albert, in the delusive hope that Aunt Almira might be induced to leave them, in order to procure that article.

"Thank you for the idea, Mr. Ellis," sweetly spoke the artful aunt, "but would *you* be so kind—"

"Oh, never mind it!" said Dora, hastily, "we'll go in."

She took Albert's arm, thus forcing Aunt Almira, with her voluminous skirts, to walk in advance—for the space between the piazza railings and the row of flower-vases was rather narrow.

"Dora," whispered Albert, "I must go back to town to-morrow. Whether my future life is dark or bright depends on you. To-morrow I will call. If your aunt is present, let me know your answer by a token. If you love me—give me something to let me know it.

"Where's the girl's sense?" muttered Aunt Almira, who had heard every word, "why don't she tell him now, and be done with it? But she shall not, if I can prevent her doing so. Dora," she said, turning, "Evelyn Marstone is waiting for that quadrille you promised him." And she drew her niece toward the entrance of the ball-room. "Good-evening, Mr. Ellis."

"Give me that knot of blue ribbon, Dora, and I shall be happy. Good-by until to-morrow."

Before Dora could answer, she stood amid the light and music; but her aunt had heard the last words, too.

Aunt Almira was a well-intentioned woman. She wanted everybody to be happy—but then everybody must adopt her means for gaining that end. Her niece had lived tranquilly with her parents in the plain farmhouse up among the hills, content with herself, her surroundings, and especially with her devoted attendant, Albert Ellis; but Aunt Almira came to the plain farmhouse, and caused a revolution in its quiet ways. She declared that pretty Dora wanted "style," and whirled her off to a fashionable watering-place.

About this time, Albert Ellis had a respite from his counting-house duties in the neighboring town.

"I say, Ellis," said Dora's father, "you're young and spry, and don't mind gallivantin' around, why shouldn't you go as well? Dora will feel kind o' lonesome. Almira, though she is my sister, is mighty high in her notions, and she'll be tryin' to make the girl take some rich spoon or other. Just you go, and look sharp."

And Albert went, much to Aunt Almira's vexation, for she had determined that her dainty, blue-eyed niece should marry Evelyn Marstone, the "catch" of the season.

The morning after the provoking disturbance of the *tête-à-tête* on the piazza, Dora entered the hotel parlor quite early, and seated herself at one of the windows. She wore a knot of pale-blue ribbon in front of the delicate little frill around her white throat.

Aunt Almira soon joined her. That astute lady smiled as she saw the blue ribbon.

"I expect a visitor," she said, arranging a freshly cut bouquet in a vase, "I told Mr. Evelyn Marstone that I should expect to see him at ten, about the pic-nic on Thursday. Ah, here he comes! *Parlez du diable*, you know."

Mr. Marstone at that moment was entering the parlor. In his white-woollen suit, his gaudily-trimmed straw hat, his delicate kids and cane, he looked just what he was—a good-natured, unintellectual dandy.

"Unlike the majority of your sex, you are punctual, Mr. Marstone."

"When a lady commands—to hear is to obey."

Aunt Almira saw a faint flushing in Dora's cheeks. She looked out the window over her niece's shoulder, and saw Albert Ellis approaching from the beach. She turned again to Marstone.

"What do you think of my flowers?" asked she, holding up the bouquet. "Are not these rose-buds exquisite?"

"I prefer human blossoms," he answered. "Your boasted rose-buds pale before the radiant beauty which this room contains." He bowed gracefully.

"For shame, Dora! Have you nothing but a smile to offer in return for that compliment? I will found a new order—the order of the Rose-buds," she continued; with a sudden movement she detached Dora's blue ribbon, and fastened it in Marstone's coat. "Cherish ever, Sir Knight, the cerulean badge of your order!"

Marstone bowed, simpered, and was thanking Dora as Albert Ellis reached the door, and standing there for an instant, took in the scene.

Marstone turned, and pointing to the knot of ribbon, called out laughingly, "Behold this token from the fairest maid of earth! Don't you envy me, Ellis?"

Albert's face turned pale. He gazed at the ribbon as though it fascinated him, then turning on his heel, he passed out of the house. Aunt Almira smiled complacently.

Marstone looked greatly surprised; Dora started up with the intention of following Albert and explaining the occurrence, but Aunt Almira caught her arm.

"Excuse us a few moments: my niece is unwell." And the young girl, too proud to show her feelings in the presence of a stranger, allowed herself to be led from the room.

About an hour later Albert Ellis walked slowly along the beach, portmanteau in hand, on his way to the railroad station. An excited-looking group, the members of which seemed to be regarding some object out at sea, caught his attention.

"How foolish! Poor fellow! Why did he venture out so far?" said a voice near him.

"See! He is struggling yet! Ah, he is down now!" chimed in another.

Albert strained his sight, and distinguished a human form far out buffeting with the waves. He could faintly hear a cry for help.

"Where are the boats? Who is it?" he asked.

"A Mr. Marstone from New York. The boats are all out with pleasure parties," was the answer.

No boat was in sight. Again came that faint, appealing cry. The people on the beach shuddered, running about aimlessly, and asking one another what was to be done.

Albert Ellis was an excellent swimmer. He threw down his portmanteau and tore off his vest and coat. If Marstone should die, lightning-like whispered a thought, I would have no rival: let him drown. Murmuring a prayer, Albert plunged into the sea, and with swift, vigorous strokes swam toward the man, whom in another moment the waves would claim as a victim.

The crowd on the beach were breathlessly silent.

A last weak wail rang out.

It was answered by a cheer from the beach. Albert had reached Marstone, and was striving to swim with his almost senseless burden toward the land.

A carriage came ocean-ward from the hotel. In it Aunt Almira and Dora were taking their usual drive. They noticed the rapidly-increasing crowd on the beach, and alighting, approached the spot. Several men answered Aunt Almira's inquiry, all speaking at once.

"Man from New York—bathing—out too far—Ellis—no hope—drowned."

Dora heard this, and a sharp pain shot through her heart. Her distended eyes saw nothing but the two forms out there between her and the horizon.

"Nonsense, child! There may be two Ellises!" said her aunt sharply, noticing her growing pallor.

An immense length of time seemed to pass.

The men sent up shout after shout to nerve the fast-wearying swimmer. He was slowly coming nearer.

Dora approached the sea, unheeding her aunt, until the surf wet the hem of her dress. For a moment the two disappeared, and a faint shriek burst from her tightly-closed lips.

Borne on the breast of a huge swell, Albert and his lifeless burden were cast at her feet.

She knelt on the sand by his side. The color had faded from his face; he could scarcely speak from exhaustion.

"Dora," he said, faintly, "I don't think *he* is dead."

"Albert," she cried, wildly, fearing he himself was dying, "you have been deceived. I love you—the knot of blue ribbon was for you."

The color rushed back to his cheeks and lips. He made an attempt to rise.

"Thank you for those words, darling!"

It did not take Albert Ellis long to recover from the effects of his protracted swim. Marstone's constitution was less elastic. The shock and the consequent exhaustion kept him in his room for several days. Nothing could exceed the gratitude he felt and endeavored to express to his preserver. To his great amazement, Albert politely declined to accept his profuse offers of service, but asked for the blue ribbon Aunt Almira had given him. Marstone did not refuse to grant this request, although he thought it rather queer.

In a small, leafy-crowned cottage up among the hills, Albert and Dora have lately begun the world as man and wife.

Of course Aunt Almira is disappointed. If you happen to meet her anywhere she will probably tell you that girls are ungrateful, that they don't know what is best for 'em, and that match-making is a snare and a delusion.

RECIPE FOR A BELLE.

"Eli Perkins," of the New York Commercial, writes from Saratoga the following:

Here is the recipe for a fashionable young lady: Take ninety pounds of flesh and bones—but chiefly bones; wash clean, bore holes in the ears and out off the small toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, the kangaroo droop, the Saratoga slope, or the bull-frog break, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, two umbrellas with leather waist straps, one hundred yards of ruffles, seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair silk cotton hose with patent hip attachments, one pair false calves, six yards flannel (embroidered), one pair Balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds of whalebone in strips, seventeen hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, three-quarters of a mile of tape, ten pounds of raw cotton or two wire hemispheres, one wire basket to hold a bushel, four copies of a New York paper (triple sheet *Commercials* will do), one hundred and fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, five hundred yards of point lace, fourteen hundred yards of fringe or other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box pearl powder, one saucer carmine, and an old hare's foot, one bushel of false hair frizzed and fretted a la Africaine, one bundle Japanese switches, with rats, mice, and other varmints, one pack of six-buttoned gloves, one lace handkerchief, nine inches square, with patent holder. Perfume with attar of roses, or sprinkle with nine drops of the "Blessed Baby" or "West End." Stuff the head with fashionable novels, ball-tickets, playbills, and wedding-cards, some scandal, a great deal of lost time, and a very little poodle dog; add a half grain of common sense, three scruples of religion, and a slight tincture of modesty. Season with vanity, affectation, and folly. Garnish with earrings, finger-rings, breast-pins, chains, bracelets, feathers, and flowers to suit the taste. Pearls and diamonds may be thrown in if you have them; if not, paste and pinchbeck from the dollar store will do. Whirl all around in a fashionable circle, and stew by gas-light for six hours. Great care should be taken that the thing is not overdone. If it does not rise sufficiently, add more copies of a New York paper.

☞ Milwaukee has had a wooden wedding. Henry Block was married to Amanda Board. It was a plain affair.

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WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

When the hay was mown, Mary,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Mary;
Your wavy hair was brown;
Your cheek was like the wild red rose
That showered its petals down;
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moisture sheen,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

The Spring was in our hearts, Mary,
And all its hopes were ours;
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers.
Ay! Life was like a Summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Mary,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress—
The fairest ever seen—
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, Mary,
Has touched you in his flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eye the old love light;
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.

It was a singular meeting to take place in that God-forsaken den—singular for more reasons than one

Victor seemed as much shaken by it as did anybody present. His face was ashen white, and he stood glaring from his mother to Miles Rugby in an agony of fear, anxiety, and dismay.

Miles saw that something unusual had occurred; but the two women were still closely veiled, and at first he did not recognize Mrs. Raynham.

"What's up?" he repeated. "Halloo! Here are two petticoats that can hardly belong to our number! What does it mean?"

"It means that we're been set upon by spies, cap'n," answered one of the men, sullenly.

"Yes, yes," chorused other voices.—"They're Raynham's friends. He's let out the pass-word. They must not leave this place alive."

Then a sullen murmur ran round the room.

Miles bit his thin under lip. Some suspicion of the truth seemed to pierce its way through his brain at that moment. His eyes turned instinctively upon Mrs. Raynham, and he stepped a little nearer to her.

She seemed to be nerving herself for what was to come. Up went her veil, and she stood with her face uncovered before him, pale and red by turns, and shrinking sideways away from him as if he was a serpent, her usually dove-like eyes now dilated, and burning like two coals of fire.

"Good God!" he cried, and staggered back.

Her fired, half-angry gaze never once wandered from his face. For a space that seemed frightfully long, she stood panting for breath and trying to speak, but unable to utter an articulate sound.

When words came, however, they were perfectly distinct and clear.

"I am here to take Victor home with me. Order these ruffians out of the way, and we will go."

At first he seemed a little dumbfounded at her way of speaking. Then he rallied his powers of self-control, and smiled a half-mocking smile.

"I cannot refuse any request of yours, Helen. Years have come and gone since you have condescended to make one before."

Then, swinging on his heel, he said to the men and women who were gathered round him:

"Leave the room, every soul of you. I know these people, and will answer for them. Leave the room, you dogs, and I'll throttle every mother's son of you who shows his face for the next half hour."

The command was brutally given. But Miles Rugby must have had unbounded influence in that place, and over the lost and degraded creatures who were his associates, for the wretches melted away like dew-drops before the sun.

Tom Marvel had remained behind, standing a little to the left of Dora. "Why are *you* lingering?" snarled Miles. "You must go with the rest."

The poor fellow showed symptoms of rebellion. "Do *you* speak a word in my favor," he said to Dora, in a whisper.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"I'm sure the cap'n would let me remain and see you safely home if you were to ask him."

"There is no need. Victor will go with us."

She tried to speak very calmly, and succeeded. Tom looked at her a minute with two round, twinkling eyes which unguardedly let out all the burning love he felt for her. Then he said rapidly, and in the same low tone he had used from the first:

"I can't go without trying to set myself right with you, Miss Dora. For pity's sake don't think me utterly vile because you find me in this wicked place. I was a hunted man, remember, when I left Roundwood. No other refuge seemed to open to me, and I came here."

"Yes, yes. I think I understand it all. Now go—please, go."

"I will, since *you* wish it."

He gave her another of his loving looks, which made her cheeks tingle with shame, and disappeared.

There was a short silence after he had left the room, which Miles Rugby broke at last.

"Now that we are quite alone," he said, evidently addressing his remarks to Mrs. Raynham, "we can speak freely."

"I have nothing to say," she answered. "My only wish is to go home, and to take Victor with me."

"Yes," put in the young man, "we had better go, and at once."

He took his mother's hand, and was advancing toward the door, when Miles interposed, and coolly thrust him back.

"I did not seek this meeting," he muttered, sullenly. "But since it has come about in spite of me, none of you shall leave this house, until we have come to an understanding."

Victor began to tremble.

"Spare my mother," he cried out, sharply. "I entreat you to spare a woman who never harmed you!"

"Don't be too sure of that."

"A woman who never harmed you," Victor repeated, doggedly. "The best woman God ever made. You only mean to distress and pain her. It cannot be—it shall not be!"

Mrs. Raynham touched his arm.

"Peace, Victor," she said, serenely. "You must not plead with that man, and for me. See how calm I am. I do not even tremble. Let him say what he will."

"Do *you* know who he is?" asked Victor, between his teeth.

"Yes. I have known ever since that day when he came to Roundwood. You tried to convince me that I had made a mistake. I said little at the time, but I knew better—I knew that only one man in the world could look like that—could insult me by forcing himself into my presence, as he had done."

"Ah!" muttered Miles, scornfully.

"But I hoped *you* did not suspect the bitter truth, my Victor," Mrs. Raynham added. "I hoped this man, who calls himself Miles Rugby, was only Miles Rugby to you. But I see I was mistaken in that."

"Yes, you were mistaken."

"Ah, just Heaven! And he dared reveal himself to you?"

She wrung her hands wildly, and for a minute her composure nearly left her.

"Oh, that I should ever have lived to see this hour," she moaned.

Miles looked hard at her, and said, with a sneer:

"This is a singular welcome for a wife to give her husband, after having been separated from him so many years."

Mrs. Raynham shuddered, but answered nothing.

And it was Dora, who, after a bewildered stare from one to the other, finally caught up the words,

"Wife? Husband?" she echoed, wonderingly.

At this, Victor, who had shunned her all along, went up to her and spoke to her.

"Yes," he said. "That man who has chosen to call himself Miles Rugby, is Leonard Raynham, my father."

"Ah, how you confound me. I do not understand this at all."

She would have said more, but just then Mrs. Raynham attracted all her attention. She saw that unfortunate lady shrink away from Miles, (as we must still call him,) with a gesture of infinite contempt and loathing.

"You wretch!" she said. "I refuse to own you for my husband."

"That will not alter the fact, Helen," he answered, with the coolest self-possession.

Her eyes flashed upon him with all the fury an outraged woman has the right to feel.

"You are not my husband. He was all that is good, and true, and noble. You are vile, and cowardly, and treacherous. Black is more like white, than you are like to him. You are not my husband, I say. You are a wretched impostor?"

CHAPTER XVII.

"MISERABLE SINNERS."

The effect of these words was singular, to say the least. The color faded from Miles's face, leaving it of a ghastly, livid white to the very lips. The cold damps of fear, or anguish, or horror stood out in great beads on his forehead.

"If I am not your husband," he hissed, venomously, "who am I?"

There was no response. Mrs. Raynham stood shivering, shrinking, trembling, but did not speak.

"If I am not Leonard Raynham, who am I?" he persisted, vehemently.

"A devil incarnate."

At that he laughed loudly.

"You are not disposed to flatter me, Helen," he said. "But I have forgiven much; I can forgive a little more!"

"*You*—have—forgiven?" she cried, the words falling one by one from her pallid lips. "You wretch! You have had nothing to forgive."

"Is it nothing when a wife disowns her husband—refuses to see him—and gives out to the world that he is dead?"

"I thought you might be dead, until you came to Roundwood that day," she faltered. "I had been told that you were, and I believed it."

He did not seem to hear her, but swung half round on his heel and addressed his next words to Dora.

"I know enough of what transpires at Roundwood to know that you are established there as my wife's friend. Let me put a question to you, young lady. It is natural to suppose that you will be better posted than outsiders in regard to our family history. Now tell me if my wife does not pass for a widow."

"Mrs. Raynham passes for a widow," Dora answered faintly.

"And until to-night you did not know she was not what she professed to be?"

"I did not."

"You were given to understand that her husband had died years and years ago, leaving her in affluent circumstances?"

Dora nodded.

"And that our twin sons, Victor and Vincent were orphans?"

The mesmeric power of the piercing gaze he fixed upon her compelled the girl to nod again.

"You have been made to believe a lie," he burst out angrily. "My own children have been made to believe a lie. Vincent still cherishes the old delusion. But I could not live without having some kindred soul near me now and then. Therefore I revealed myself to Victor, some weeks since, charging him to keep the secret from everybody."

He smiled complacently to himself, as if he had been a martyr whose self-sacrifices nobody had ever appreciated.

Victor eyed him sorrowfully and sternly. "Sir," he said, "having told Miss Desmond so much, you must now tell her why you have kept yourself away from us so many years."

Miles winced, but answered readily:

"My wife did not love me. I would not force my presence upon her. So I went away for awhile, hoping she would forget all about me, and be happy with somebody else, perhaps."

All this with apparent sincerity. But, in point of fact, it was one of those facile lies which, from long practice, had grown easier for Miles Rugby to speak than the truth.

Mrs. Raynham attempted no denial. She sank panting into a chair, and her hands rose slowly to her face.

Victor made himself her spokesman. "Sir," he said, half-reproachfully, half-angrily. "Tell Miss Desmond that when you first went away you deserted my mother and fled with another man's wife."

Miles gave a grunt of assent.

"I believe something of that sort did occur now *you* are so good as to recall it," he returned, with ready coolness.

"And that you afterwards spent ten years of your life in a prison for shooting the man you had injured, in a duel."

"Hum! Did I?"

"That you broke out of prison during a fire panic," Victor went on, "and succeeded in making good your escape."

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"And, since then, that you have been associated with the vile offscourings of society, and dyed yourself as deep in iniquity and crime as the worst of them all."

The man gnashed his teeth at that. It was plain to be seen that he would not have borne another word of the sort.

Victor stopped just in time. He turned to Dora and said:

"You have heard nothing but the truth. Now you can judge between those two, which has been the guilty wretch and which the martyr."

Mrs. Raynham caught the words and arose hastily out of her chair. "Dora has not been told everything," she cried, with sudden warmth. "She has not been told how good, and true, and noble you are, my Victor! How you have suffered shame and reproach to spare your mother pain! How bravely and silently you have borne every indignity that has been heaped upon you!"

Then catching sight of Dora's bewildered face, where hope and fear were each struggling for the mastery, she added:

"I fully believe that that wretch yonder has been presuming on his relationship to Victor to extort large sums of money from him. I believe that Victor has suffered himself to be robbed merely to save my feelings, and that no knowledge of the wretch's nearness to us should reach my ears. Hear me, Dora, for I solemnly declare that Leonard Raynham, Miles Rugby, or whatever yonder wretch may choose to call himself, is at the bottom of all our misfortunes."

"The wretch" smiled in his insolent manner, and did not seem in the least disconcerted.

Not so with Dora. She instantly took in all that was comprehended in Mrs. Raynham's words, and grew pale and red, and pale and red at least a dozen times in as many seconds.

She slowly, very slowly worked her way to Victor's side, and dropped her head on his shoulder when she had reached it, and burst out impetuously:

"I hope you can forgive me, Victor. I shall never forgive myself."

He strained her to his heart, his poor lip quivering and shaking, for he was almost as near crying as herself.

"It doesn't matter now," he said, gently. "We will both try to forget all that has happened. I was hoping all the time that the day would come when you would do me justice."

"And it has, Victor."

"Thank God."

For many minutes the young lovers stood close together, and Dora's face was hidden on his breast. But at last she raised it, and said:

"You might have told *me* the truth, Victor. You might have told me that you took the five thousand dollars only to give them to your father."

He gave a slight start at that, and put her from him, looking at her reproachfully.

"I never took the five thousand dollars."

"Oh, my love, my love!"

He repeated what he had just said. "I *have* given this man money from time to time, and in that way kept him from molesting my mother," he added. "But it was taken from my own allowance, as long as that held out."

Dora looked wretched and ill. She seemed ready to cry, and a hot crimson surged into her cheeks.

"I heard him ask you for that very sum," she whispered, "and I know you promised to get it for him."

"True."

"Why not acknowledge all?" she cried, piteously. "Knowing the temptation as I know it now, I could not blame you too severely. I should just feel very sorry, and very much hurt and—forgive you!"

"Dora, you are unjust. You doubt my word—oh, God help me—you doubt my word!"

He walked away from her, and stood near the door, anguish and indignation both written legibly on his expressive features. Dora's eyes followed him, and she sighed heavily. But that look of his was too much for her. After a slight hesitation, she stole after him and flung both her arms round his neck.

"Forgive me now, Victor," she murmured, "and I will never have another doubt. I will love you and trust you as you deserve to be loved and trusted."

He could not resist such pleading as that, and a kiss sealed their reconciliation.

All seemed to be well between these lovers at last. And all would have been well but for a lurking distrust that Dora, for all her brave words, could not wholly cast out of her heart.

For some time past, Mrs. Raynham had been crouching in one of the flag-bottomed chairs with her back to Miles. She now rose, and approached the young couple.

"Let us go from this horrid place," she said, faintly. "I am sick to death of being here."

Miles instantly came forward with a light in his hand.

"Allow me the privilege of escorting my wife and my son to the door," he said, with a bow of mock politeness, and led the way into the passage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT NEXT.

Five minutes later, our three friends were in the street.

Victor hurried his mother and Dora away from the disreputable precincts of Hook Dock as rapidly as possible. When they had reached a respectable street, he looked round for a conveyance of some sort.

At last he found a carriage, which took them to the railway terminus in time for the twelve o'clock express.

"Victor," said Mrs. Raynham, when they were seated in the cars, en route for Roundwood, "tell me why you have paid that wretch such frequent visits during the past week."

It was easier for this proud woman to speak of her disreputable husband as "the wretch" than to give him any other name.

"He insisted that I should," Victor answered. "I don't understand his object any better than you do. But he seemed determined to see me daily. I think he would have come to Roundwood if I had refused to meet him in his own haunts."

Mrs. Raynham heard a deep sigh.

"Perhaps he is lonely," Victor added, "and desirous of the companionship of somebody in whose veins runs kindred blood."

"Alas, alas. He was always kind to you when you went there?"

"Invariably. He seemed to take real pleasure in presenting me to his own vile associates."

At that a shudder ran through the wretched woman's frame.

"Ah, my son," she cried, "I'm afraid he meant to make you as bad as he is."

"For what reason?"

"He is vindictive. He could thus strike a terrible blow at *my* heart."

She was silent for a long time, and seemed to be reflecting. "Dora," she said, at last, "I think you understand that the events of this night are to be kept a profound secret?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"Even from Vincent. He must not know that his father is living. I would like to spare him the misery and shame that knowledge would surely bring him."

"He shall never learn the truth from me."

With this promise Mrs. Raynham rested content.

However, Vincent had retired long before they reached Roundwood, and they were not compelled to answer his curious questioning until the whole family met round the breakfast-table the next morning.

Mrs. Raynham put in as a plea for her own absence and Dora's the previous evening an overpowering desire she had experienced to hear Norma; which, she had taken the pains to ascertain, had actually been performed.

Vincent feigned to be satisfied with this excuse, and perhaps really was satisfied.

Mr. Ketchem's only comment was a muttered "Humph!"

Dora rose from the table while the rest were still lingering over their coffee, and hurried into the garden that she might be alone with her own thoughts.

She had only taken three or four turns in one of the shaded paths, however, when Vincent came hurrying out to meet her.

"What has happened?" he asked eagerly, as he reached her side. "Are you and Victor reconciled at last?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad of that—oh, I'm glad of that!" he exclaimed heartily. "I felt almost as miserable as my poor brother while you were so cold to him."

She changed color, but did not speak.

"Tell me how it came about," he persisted. "I am anxious to know what can have transpired to change your opinion of him so entirely as it must have been changed."

"We have had an explanation," she returned evasively.

"Indeed!" A sort of film seemed to come before his eyes, and he rubbed the palms of his hands softly together. "I suppose he convinced you that *he* could not have stolen the five thousand dollars?"

"He did."

"Happy Victor! Fortunate man! I am only surprised that you could ever have doubted him. Ah, Dora, he is the dearest, best fellow in all the world. Nobody ever loved him half so well as I, his twin brother! Not even you, Dora. A slur flung at him was always infinitely harder to bear than a slur flung at myself."

Dora was deeply touched. She looked up at him with two great pearls quivering on her lovely lashes.

"I hope Victor is worthy of your love," she said, quickly. "I know *you* deserve all the affection he can lavish upon you."

"Thank you, Dora."

Then they walked on in silence for some moments. Vincent did not seem to be quite himself, for all his brave words. His lips were pale, and a dull gleam began to show itself in his eyes.

"I knew it must be all right again between you two," he broke out, abruptly.

"How did you know it?"

"Victor seems so happy this morning, so like a man relieved of a terrible burden. I actually heard him singing in his own room before we came down, and he hasn't done that for days and days, before. Besides, he could hardly take his eyes off your face at table, and I don't believe he ate two mouthfuls himself."

All this was spoken in a reckless, impetuous tone that left Dora no choice but to listen to it. It called a soft, splendid bloom into her cheeks, however.

"We will not talk of him if you please," she said, turning away her face.

Vincent bit his lip. "Of what shall we talk?" he asked. "The five thousand dollars? We know that Victor did not take them. Who did?"

She answered faintly—

"Mr. Ketchem says that Tom Marvel is the thief."

"Yes, he says so," with a short laugh. "But he does not believe it himself. And how can he expect us to believe it?"

She writhed away from him, the color gone from her cheeks again, the light from her eyes.

"Don't!" she panted. "I can't bear to have that mystery dragged up again. It almost drives me mad. I don't know who stole the five thousand dollars. But I am determined never, never again to suspect Victor of the crime. No matter how glaring may be the evidence, I will neither accuse him to anybody else, or even to my own heart, if I can help it."

These wild words were wrung from her in spite of her own will. They rushed over her lips with all the impetuous force of some dammed-up torrent that has found vent at last. They laid bare the secret hopes and doubts and fears of her own heart until these all were transparent as day.

Vincent seemed to be singularly disconcerted. The muscles of his face twitched convulsively for a minute or two, and he put up both hands with an attempt to hide it.

"You are right, Dora," he said, faintly. "You do well to trust my poor brother in that blind way. May God bless you for it."

With these words, he turned abruptly on his heel and walked away.

When the winding path had taken him to such a distance that he could no longer see her, Dora sat down on the grass, and angrily dashed the tears out of her eyes.

"Why do I weep?" she murmured. "Why do I feel so sick at heart whenever that hateful money is spoken of? God help me—God forgive me; am I still doubting and distrusting? Ah, I won't doubt, I won't distrust! I won't think hard thoughts of the noblest martyr that ever lived!"

At last she succeeded in composing herself. But not one moment too soon. Footsteps came down the walk, approaching rapidly, and now it was Mr. Ketchem who confronted her.

He looked hard at her swollen eyes and flushed face. "What's the matter, my dear?" he asked kindly.

"Nothing," she said, evasively.

"Humph. Of course I know better. Sensible young ladies do not cry for nothing. But I have no wish to steal a reluctant confidence."

"It was my own foolish and uncharitable thoughts that made me weep."

The lawyer gave an expressive grunt. "Weep on, if you feel so disposed," he said, grimly. "Don't let my presence keep back the tears."

"I hope I have sufficient self-respect to keep them back," she returned, with dignity.

"Oh, yes, yes," chuckling audibly. "Self-respect goes a great way with some of your sex."

"I am so far mistress of myself, sir, that I have a question to ask."

"Out with it."

"It relates to Mrs. Raynham."

"Ah!"

"How much money has she?"

"A hundred thousand or so."

"Was it left her by her husband?"

Dora waited very eagerly for the answer to this question. It would tell her, perhaps, whether Mr. Ketchem knew the whole story of the past or not.

"No," he said. "Mr. Leonard Raynham was almost a poor man. The money is Mrs. Raynham's own, and was settled on her by her father when he died."

"You are sure of this?"

"Perfectly sure." Then he added, after a pause: "Leonard Raynham died abroad—at least such is the report. But he was the last person in the world to leave money to his widow."

"Why so?"

"Bah. He didn't care a rush for her. Besides he was a graceless scamp, and a deal too fond of other women. But I mustn't tell you any more of him. Mrs. Raynham might not like it."

"No, don't tell me any more."

Dora could afford to appear magnanimous, for she had heard quite enough to serve her own purpose—Mr. Ketchem *did* know the story of the past—at least a part of it. But he did not know that Leonard Raynham was still living.

Of course she could not tell him, after the promise she had given Victor's mother.

He stood looking at her in perfect silence for a few minutes. "Why don't you tell me the real reason that took you and Mrs. Raynham to the city last night?" he said, impatiently. "Of course I scarcely listened to the excuses with which Vincent was silenced. Or, rather, I took them at their true value, and passed them by."

"I can give you none other."

"What?" he cried sharply.

She repeated what she had said. "You must not ask me for my reasons. It will be useless."

"Humph. Can't I guess them for myself? Didn't you go, hoping to track Victor to the den he frequents in Hook Dock?"

She was silent, but trembled.

"Didn't you go," he went on in the next breath, "hoping to catch sight of this mysterious Miles Rugby, and tear off the veil of mystery that seems to enshroud him?"

Still she did not answer.

"Miles Rugby! Miles Rugby!" he kept repeating over and over to himself. "The name sounds strange; but the man's face is familiar. I know I have seen it, or dreamed of it before. I knew that when I went sneaking after Victor that day, I realize it more profoundly than ever, after having reflected upon the matter for some time. But no light breaks in upon my mind. I know the face, and yet do not know it."

"That is strange," said Dora, putting in a word at last.

"Not so very," said Mr. Ketchem, dryly. "But it always strikes me as being very odd when I see a familiar face with a name tacked to it that is not familiar. My suspicions are awakened at once."

"Suspicions of what?"

"Foul play. Faces seldom deceive, but names often do."

There was no mistaking his meaning. Dora drew a deep breath of anxiety.

"You wish me to understand that you think the name, Miles Rugby, is an assumed one?" she said, faintly.

"I am sure it is."

"Have you any clue to the true one?"

"No; there I am at a loss."

She breathed freely again, and the color came back to her cheeks.

"Never mind," she said, sharply. "You can scarcely expect me to be interested in this stranger. I decline to discuss him further. With your permission, I will say good-morning, and return to the house."

She was off like a flash, and he could neither stop her nor put in a word of remonstrance.

"Phew!" he muttered, venturing upon a prolonged whistle. "What does the minx mean by leaving me in the lurch like this? It can't be that *she* has solved the riddle that was too deep for me? It can't be that she knows Miles Rugby's true name!"

He pondered long upon the matter, but the longer he pondered the deeper in the mire he seemed to be.

However active his suspicions might be, he could only be sure of one thing in point of fact—that Dora was not dealing quite frankly with him; was, in fact, concealing something.

With Vincent, he had observed that something like a reconciliation had come about between the lovers, and had intended to question Dora in regard to it. But, her sudden departure having put that out of the question for the present, he had two puzzles, instead of one, to baffle him.

He could only conjecture that something must have occurred the previous evening in the city to bring about the change.

"Confound these women!" he exclaimed, petulantly. "They're riddles, from the oldest to the youngest—always flying off at some unexpected tangent. A man never knows when to catch 'em, or how to take 'em!"

All the rest of that day he sought vainly to gain a private interview with Dora. But, suspecting what he was up to, she carefully kept out of his way.

That night he tossed restlessly on his couch, but could not sleep. Some strange, unreasoning apprehension seemed to have fastened upon his mind. It clung to him, and he could not shake it off. At last he rose and dressed himself.

"Oh! ah! Bah!" he sputtered. "What's come over me, I wonder? I'm getting nervous and excitable as a woman."

Presently he heard footsteps go gliding past his door—footsteps so soft and stealthy and cat-like, he could never have heard them at all had his senses been less keenly alive to everything around him.

He sat still and listened. A long interval passed. Then he heard the same step go and come again, always moving with extreme caution. Plainly, some mischief or other was afoot.

At last he rose from the easy-chair on which he had thrown himself the instant he was dressed. Lighting his bed-lamp—for he had dressed in the dark—he moved to the door, threw it open, and glanced up and down the passage.

Nobody was there. The passage seemed dark and still and tenantless, save for his presence and the light he carried.

After considering with himself, he crossed the threshold and strode forward a few steps. Still, no signs of a human presence near him; but a door creaked sharply, somewhere on the ground floor.

Another minute for deliberation, and he had descended the stairs with swift, noiseless footsteps. Some magnetic influence over which he had no control led him straight to the library—that apartment which has already been the scene of so many of our incidents.

The door was closed, but he laid his hand on the knob and quickly pulled it open.

This is what he saw:

Lying on the self-same couch where Dora had slumbered and dreamed that fatal night when she had seen—or thought she had—her lover enter the room to purloin the five thousand dollars from the desk, was the dark, indistinct figure of a man, evidently buried in deep slumber.

Beside the couch, in his shirt and drawers, stood a second figure with one arm raised over the bosom of the sleeper. Mr. Ketchem caught the flash of steel in the lamplight, though he was unable, at the moment, to recognize either figure.

At the sight, he stood horror-struck in the doorway. The bed-lamp fell from his trembling hand and went out. In the sudden darkness that ensued somebody tore up to him, and he received a stunning blow on the head that knocked him senseless.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A QUESTION FOR CRITICS.—In Poe's "Raven" the bird is said to sit

"On the pallid bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber door,"

and it is presently stated that

"The lamplight o'er him streaming
Casts his shadow on the floor."

Can any critic, or architect, or carpenter, explain how that could be? Must not the door have been a very low one, or situated (where door never was before) in the middle of the room?

AN Evansville (Ind.,) hatter, tired of importuning debtors, has commenced the publication in the local dailies of what is called his "dead-beat list." It gives the names and occupations of his minor debtors, the amount of their indebtedness, and the date of contraction. The names are printed in displayed type.

FLY, LITTLE SONG.

Fly, little song, to my love,
Over the rolling sea;
Tell him how bright are the stars above,
Tell him to weep not for me.

Kiss off the falling tears—
My kiss of the days gone by;
Tell him how fleet is the foot of the years,
Whisper—my love cannot die.

Fly away into his heart,
Borne on the soft Summer's breath;
Sing to him, "Love and lover must part—
'True love is stronger than death.'"

Fly with the dying day,
Over the star-lit sea;
Lull him to sleep in the land far away;
Bring him in dreams to me.

How I Went After Cherries.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BOB BURTON.

I used to be fond of cherries, but I'm not any more. No, *sir*. I don't like to hear any one speak of cherries, unless they say something in reference to cherry-bounce, and even then a chill runs through me as I think of the bounce I once got out of a cherry tree. I'll tell you all about it. I was rusticating in the country, (I believe it's the fashion for city fools to go to the country for their accidents,) having torn myself away from my business, in order to enjoy (?) for awhile the delights of farm life. Early in the morning of my second day at my country cousin's husband's farm, I was informed by the said cousin that I was to have the sole and individual happiness of taking Julie, and Ella, and Daisy over to neighbor Brown's for cherries, (my cousin's place didn't have any cherry trees on it) and she was about to add something confidential about Daisy, when a juvenile member of the house claimed her attention by a series of squalls, and I was left alone for a moment to meditate upon this extraordinary streak of good fortune.

My reverie was soon disturbed, however, by a ten-year-old son of old Nick—no, I mean old Adam—who kindly informed me that "the me-nules was ready, and the galls was a waitin' 'alf 'nour." I went out to the front gate, and there, sure enough, stood a large farm wagon, to which was harnessed a span of vicious mules that were trying their utmost to kick off the head of the herein-before-mentioned ten-year-old chap who was holding them. This boy was named Urekiah by his fond parents, but I changed it to Eureka, because he had an eccentric way of picking up any little article you chanced to lay within his reach, and when discovered with it and interrogated as to where he got it, would inveriably answer "I found it." He was surprisingly lucky in finding things where they were not lost. The "galls" greeted me with a smiling good morning, and requested me to take the lines and jump in. I was anticipated in that, though, by the aforesaid Eureka, who seemed determined to go with us; but, after a spirited struggle with the little ones, I managed to pitch him out of the wagon (the fall mashed his nose), and we started. I shall not enumerate all the little exciting occurrences of that ride. The ladies were very gay and chatty, and I imagined that Miss Daisy was particularly sweet on me. This was unfortunate, because instead of looking ahead and steering the mules, I was trying to look my "peartest," (as Eureka says) in Miss Daisy's eyes; the consequence was I drove under several overhanging trees and into deep "chuck-holes" in the road. We only upset once though, and by the time we arrived at Mr. Brown's my coat bore the appearance of having passed through a threshing machine, and my trowsers had a three-cornered hole in them a trifle smaller than the crown of a Dolly Varden hat. I didn't mind that hole much then—because I didn't know it was there; but the girls must have enjoyed it hugely from the way they giggled. Mr. Brown had a good many cherry trees, and each tree had several ladders standing against it, from which one could pick the cherries off the lower branches. The three girls began to mount a ladder each, and I followed suit, though when I got about ten feet from the ground the ladder commenced to sway and bend, which made me feel slightly uneasy at first, but I soon became accustomed to it, and concluded that going for cherries wasn't so bad after all. Suddenly I heard Daisy's voice calling me. I descended from my roost as quick as possible, and went around on her side of the tree to see what was the matter. As soon as she saw me she sang out "Oh, cousin Bob," (wasn't that sweet) "just look, what a splendid large bunch up there in the top on that limb, won't you get them for me?"

The look that accompanied her request caused my heart to bound for an instant, but a glance at those cherries away up there brought it down pretty low—in fact clear down into my boots. I had never been that high in a tree before, and my sensations must have been similar to those of a green sailor when ordered by his captain to go aloft in a storm and reef the main-topgallant sail. However, I remembered that "faint heart never won fair lady," and summoning up all my courage and resolution began to shin up the tree. It was awful hard work. The white triangle in my trowsers must have been painfully conspicuous, but I was blissfully ignorant of it. "Onward and upward" was my motto. Every now and then some one below would shout "Excelsior," and it seemed to me the higher I got, the higher those cherries were. I did think seriously for a while that the tree grew as fast as I climbed; but at last, tired, sore, and out of breath, and with my hands and face scratched, I reached the *limb* at the end of which, ten or twelve feet out, hung the longed for prize. It looked like a risky piece of business to crawl out there, but I was not to be turned from my purpose after having gone so far. After resting a few moments I commenced to "coon" that limb. When I got within arm's length of the cherries, and was about to reach for them, I heard a crash, and at the same moment became aware that it was getting dark. I could not on the instant recollect having seen any predictions of an eclipse of the sun on that day, so I thought it was an earthquake. I also thought the ground flew up, and hit me. When I "came to" I was lying on a bed at my cousin's, and had splints enough on my shattered limbs to shingle a good sized wood-shed. The doctor said I would have to rusticate five weeks, as it would require that much time for my bones to knit together sufficiently to stand the jolts of a railroad. This piece of information did not distress me as much at first as it did afterwards, when I learned that Daisy and Mr. Brown, Jr., were to be married in a month. I didn't like the country as well after that. My cup of misery was full to the brim, but there was yet room for more in the saucer, and it came. As soon as I was able to sit up, I received what appeared to be a leaf from a dirty blank-book, with some curious hieroglyphics on it. After turning it around, and inside-out, and upside down several times, and viewing it through a microscope, I discovered that the document was intended to convey to me the knowledge that I was debtor to Mr. Brown in the sum of twenty-five dollars for damages done to a certain cherry tree belonging to the said Mr. Brown. I paid the bill, and started to the city the next morning a weaker and a wiser man. The bruises I received in my fall are all cured now, and I am trying to heal up the wound in my heart. Alas, woman is a source of trouble!

Love's Sacrifices;

OR,

TWO TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

"DEAR AMY: Our wishes are to be gratified at last; John Emmerson will be down with me by to-morrow evening's stage. Have all the linen of the "Blue" room white as the driven snow. I've told you how 'nice' he is. Follow Polly with the broom and duster. Polish the time-honored mahogany until you can see your face as in a mirror. 'Put the big pot in the little one,' to use a homely adage. Take time to cool off. Don't have too great a supply of roses in your cheeks, but put a japonica in your hair. Dress in fresh muslin. Trust the rest to your beauty, and John's real appreciation. Yours in haste, TOM."

This was what Amy Allandale read, standing on the top step of the little green-latticed portico in front of their commodious but unostentatious country house. She had taken the morning's mail from the boy, and recognizing her cousin Tom's unmistakable handwriting upon the back of one of her letters, had hastily broken the seal and read as we have seen. Then she stood musing for a moment, nibbling at the end of the envelope with her pearly teeth. "So, he is coming at last," she said softly; "this Jonathan for our David—no, the David for our Jonathan, for Emmerson has always been the prince; this Pythias, this inseparable of Tom's, and I shall see what he is like; but I feel morally sure I shall be disappointed, for you may notice, in nine cases out of ten, that these blessed 'chums' of our brothers, and 'the finest fellows in the world,' are an exceedingly tame, and even tiresome sort of creatures. However, I must carry out his instructions, for our own credit's sake," and turning to go in, she encountered a pretty old lady, in the very blackest of dresses and whitest of caps.

"Grandma, Tom will be at home this evening, and John Emmerson with him."

"Then we must prepare to see as little of Tom as though he were a stranger too," replied the old lady. "For no bride will ever claim a greater devotion from him than does this much talked-of friend. But, Amy dear, you had best look to their rooms at once. Your eyes are younger than mine, and you can see that all things are in readiness."

So Amy Allandale, summoning Polly from the kitchen, threw open the closed blinds of the left wing of the house, scrubbed, swept and dusted, according to directions; emptied drawer after drawer of linen from the time-honored cabinets, patted and smoothed her little hands over the beds of the two sleeping apartments, until any man, with half a conscience, had rather sit up all night than tumble them, and aired the joint smoking-room until the segar-boxes and pipes upon the mantel left only the faintest and most agreeable aroma lingering about it. Then the lower part of the house—parlor, family sitting-room, and dining-hall, were whisked at until Tom's or John Emmerson's white pocket-handkerchiefs could have been tied in beau-knots, or any sort of knots, about the piano legs, the sofas, the chairs, or among the china on the sideboard, without collecting a particle of dust. When Amy had paused for but a moment, with sleeves tucked above her dimpled elbows, to survey this part of her work and see that it was good, she ran down to the basement, threw cook into the greatest bustle, and in half an hour was deep into innumerable cakes of every shade—silver, golden, striped, plum, and what not, until one would have thought Mr. John Emmerson and Tom Maury must be ruminant sort of animals, with half a dozen stomachs apiece, and consequently able to eat from morning until night. Only when they were taken out of the stove, to the top of the molds, (we speak of the edibles, of course), "beautifuller than any town baker's," as cook emphatically declared, did Amy consult the hall clock and find that she had not more than half an hour in which to array herself before the stage was due; for they had agreed in the morning to have no set dinner that day, and she had no idea how the time had fled. Looking out in some alarm, she saw the stable-boy, William, already starting off to the public relay-house, a quarter of a mile distant, with Tom's buggy and trotters, and a little spring wagon for baggage, so she ran up to her room, quite out of breath, took off the purple-vined chintz gown she had slipped on, and plunged her pretty face and hands into a bowl of sparkling water, then running her fair fingers through the shining masses of her nut-brown hair, she took up a comb, and the rippling waves soon fell in loose ringlets to her waist. She looped them up with a bandeau of blue ribbon, until the very snowiest of muslins fell in fleecy folds about her graceful but finely developed figure to the floor; then shaking them out again, with a toss of her pretty head, she took up a cape jasmin, Polly had just laid upon her dressing-table, and pinned it at her bosom.

"Only see!" she exclaimed, with a pout of her crimson lips, as she surveyed herself cap-a-pie in the opposite pier-glass. "All Tom's caution forgotten, and glaring peonies, regular 'kitchen-garden flowers,' flaming in my cheeks. He will think me the very impersonation of rusticity. No japonica in my hair, or this city patrician will laugh at my efforts to 'fix up' for him. And—there they are as I live. I wonder if grandma is taking her nap?" She sprang down the steps, as light as a fawn, though she felt an awkward flutter at her heart, and looking out at the door caught but one glimpse of Tom's cheerful, brotherly face, when the last shadow of reserve was gone, and stepping through the door she met him in front of the portico, just where she had stood to read his note in the morning, and putting up her arms about his neck gave him a hearty kiss.

"Very wrong in us, Amy," said Tom, with a laugh. "You will make my friend—perhaps for the first time—wish he were Diogenes instead of Alexander."

"I don't know," said a strange, self-possessed, rather musical voice. "Power is sometimes, as at present, for example, better than philosophy."

Amy blushed a yet deeper red, as she looked up and beheld a tall young man, with features regular and colorless as if chiseled from alabaster, and ebony curls clustering about his Antinous-like head, standing just beside her.

"Mr. John Emmerson this is Miss Amy Allandale," said Tom, rather serio-comically. And Mr. John Emmerson, thinking himself fully privileged, held out his delicate, almost womanly, ungloved hand. "The country will give me *this* privilege at least," was his reflection.

"He would not dare offer to shake hands with a city lady on a first acquaintance," thought Amy. "He is presuming on my rusticity," and hesitating just long enough to show him that she had not counted on this man-to-man sort of greeting, she placed her taper fingers for one second on his palm, and withdrew them with a formal courtesy.

"Where is your grandmother?" asked Tom. "Not yet awakened from her after-dinner nap? I'll just run in and arouse her with a kiss. Amy you can take Mr. Emmerson into the parlor until I come back."

The truth was Tom was rather afraid of a more demonstrative welcome from Grandma Maury than might appear quite stately enough for the presence of his satirical young friend, and hence preferred being entirely out of the range of his vision, while called on to receive the shower of kisses and tears that he felt pretty sure awaited him from the former, for Tom was her favorite grandchild, and had now been away many months. He returned in about ten minutes to find Amy's white muslin draping a rocking-chair, and John Emmerson leaning lazily over the end of a sofa talking to her.

"Mr. Emmerson's country experiences so far have not been very pleasant, Amy," said Tom. "We must begin by making him feel at home, and do all in our power to entertain him."

"You must limit your first observation to my *travelling* experiences if you please," answered Emmerson with a conventional smile, that nevertheless implied a compliment. "I assure my friend Tom I had quite forgotten that modern barrel of Regulus which the public are amiable enough to denominate a *stage*, but now that he has recalled it, Miss Allandale, I declare to you there were nails projecting everywhere without any ostensible purpose, but to hang indifferently in our flesh, hair or garments as we were remorselessly rolled over and over in the jumble; and no caravan in the desert ever encountered a worse whirlwind of dust. Perhaps some lingering sense of thankfulness at our escape has helped to impress me for the last ten minutes so deeply with the fact, that there could, in all the world, be no friend at all comparable to Tom, and above all no home so delightful as his."

"Perhaps some of that objectionable 'dust' is still blinding your moral as well as your physical sense," said Tom, laughing, "and it will be but just in me to afford you an opportunity to remove the latter." And John Emmerson, bowing to Amy, and declaring that all things considered, he would henceforth rank himself with those "quos juvat pulverem Olympicum collegisse" was led off to his dressing-room.

"Handsome, very handsome. But a decided fop," thought Amy.

"A fresh lovely country girl," mused John Emmerson in the privacy of his chamber. "Yet something of a flirt, too. Took my hand when introduced in a manner that was designed to warn me of her full cognizance of the breach of etiquette of which I was guilty. By Jove! if it were not for a piece of unkindness to Tom—good fellow that he is, I'd make her bright eyes weep that she could not take my hand, to have and to hold, 'for better or for worse,' before I return to Nina and the city-bred belles of fashion. Heigh ho!" And Mr. Emmerson, dressing himself with unusual care, went down again as the sun was setting to be introduced to Grandmamma Maury, from whom he received a befitting welcome, and to chat with Amy upon the portico until the tea-bell rang, when he courteously offered the old lady his arm. Now John was quite unused to the society of old people; for they were delightfully invisible at all the mighty houses to which he was a welcome visitor in town, and he took it into his head that they must all be more or less deaf in proportion to their years; so as Tom's grandmother wore white-turbaned caps; and the little front of her hair that was visible was very gray, he elevated his usually soft, musical voice until he grew quite red in the face as he talked to her. He noticed Amy smiling too, until the old lady said quite kindly—

"You are under the natural impression that I am deaf, Mr. Emmerson, and I will spare you the evident exertion you are kind enough to make in my behalf. I hear remarkably well—almost as well as Amy or Tom, I believe." And at this Amy's dimples fairly rippled, until Tom, for once in his life, felt angry at her; and John grew as red in the face as any school-boy. He had helped himself to a biscuit; and the butler had whisked off his plate for a slice of ham, when he observed that Mrs. Maury had poured out a cup of coffee, and held it for a moment, as if waiting to catch the eye of a smart boy in a white apron, who, taking his cue from Miss Amy, stood grinning in momentary forgetfulness of his duties. Emmerson kindly extended his hand for the cup, and was passing it to Amy, when she turned, saying to the boy—

"Jim! I am quite astonished at your suffering a gentleman to play waiter at our table!" and striking against the saucer the cup went smashing to the floor, baptizing John's immaculate pants, and her white muslin, with the dark, steaming coffee!

"Why, Amy! how could you be so awkward?" exclaimed Tom, thinking only to spare his friend, while he frowned at the waiter; and John Emmerson, remembering the antique china, emblazoned with hieroglyphics and cuts of heathen idols, stared hopelessly at Mrs. Maury as though he expected to see her burst into tears.

"Pray don't be disturbed!" said the old lady, with the sweetest of smiles, "Jim can repair the damage to the floor in a few moments—a slight punishment for his remissness—while I fear the real infliction of dressing twice in one such warm evening as this will rest upon you and Amy."

"We will not be cheated out of our supper at least, Mr. Emmerson," said Amy, with a pretty laugh. "I'll take a glass of iced tea, William."

"And I—if anything could be a penance here—would insist on being restricted to cold water," said John; "but as I cannot, I will take tea with you."

"You had better dash it a little, John, just to steady your nerves," said Tom, passing a decanter of wine, but his friend laughingly declined, and the conversation flowed more naturally until Amy withdrew.

"It was thoughtful in her at least to go out first," mused John as he went up to his room again. "Why, she would have laughed at the spectacle I present for the next month to come I am sure, though she threw that cup out purposely to punish me for 'playing waiter,' as she said. Wonder if she thinks to impress *me* with a sense of her rustic importance! She had better beware."

When he presented himself in a fresh suit of clothes, Amy was walking in the yard with Tom; and he joined them under the linden trees in a natural, and therefore pleasingly graceful manner. Their conversation grew agreeably animated by degrees, until the falling dew made them return to the portico, and after a little to the parlor, where Amy played first, and John was finally persuaded to sing some old songs, which he did in really excellent voice. The next day passed pleasantly, but uneventfully, and at night John Emmerson leaned thoughtfully out at his window, puffing spirals of smoke from his fine-flavored Havana.

"This Amy Allandale is a wonderfully pretty girl," he mused. "And to think, though I had heard Tom speak of her so often, I had never given her a thought until I saw her kissing him in that very refreshing manner when we arrived. I should like to be her cousin, for I don't think she has the city girl adaptability to outside flirtations, and I am almost falling in love with her, as I do with every fresh face. No, I must not, for if Nina were to hear of it, she would be anything but flattered; and Nina must be my wife when I marry—if ever I do. Besides, Tom Maury is the last man in the world I would dare trifle with."

The sun was considerably above the horizon the next morning when Mr. John Emmerson came down to the portico, and seeing no one, took the mail bag from the boy and glanced over the contents. There were several tiny-enveloped, perfumed missives for himself; and one after another he broke the seals, curving his black moustache with a little disdainful smile as he read a dozen lines perhaps of each six sheets, and thrust them into his pocket.

"Julia, Helen and Constance! Wonder if they don't get tired of such nonsense, when they know it is so idle. As if a fellow could ever think of reading all that these warm days! Ah, here is a newspaper!" He was immersed with seeming interest in the centre of an editorial column, when the sound of horses' hoofs caused him to look up, and he beheld Amy at the gate, looking down from a pretty chestnut palfrey at a big, handsome young fellow, who a moment after lifted her from the saddle to the ground. "Confound his assurance," was John's welcoming reflection. "Some rustic swain, I suppose. I wonder where they get their unblushing effrontery from! Ah, I am glad I shan't be bored with him at least. He is bidding her good-morning, but with the airy grace and elegance of Figaro himself."

Then Amy came lightly up the walk, flourishing her little whip about the folds of her light-blue habit, upon which the dust had settled.

"You have been mail receiver, Mr. Emmerson, I observe?"

"Yes. And to my astonishment there is not one single *billet-doux* for you, Miss Allandale."

"I am not a frequent recipient of such favors," laughed Amy, "and so am spared the weary heart sinking of 'hope deferred.' I think, too, I should prefer the *viva voce* method of interchanging such tender sentiments where either had to be adopted."

"Perhaps some very recent experiences have decided you in favor of the latter method," said John, eyeing her a little closely as he helped her up the steps.

"I did not say so," replied Amy with a little blush. "I was only expressing a hypothetical preference."

"Who was our large friend, your groom of the morning?"

"The owner of the house on the hill to the left of you. A Dr. Junius Gregory."

"Any relationship between you?"

"Yes. He is a third cousin of my grandmother."

"Umph! I am glad I asked you, though."

"Why? if I may be permitted to catechise."

"I might have been critical."

"You could not have said anything unfavorable," replied Amy.

"No! I might have ventured the remark that he was—less good-looking than—Tom."

"And yet he is more charitable than you, for he declared you a downright pretty man."

"You are a wit, Miss Allandale," replied John with a laugh, though his Byronic features flushed a little. "So with your permission we will drop this—son of Galen."

"Until this evening, when I shall have the pleasure of introducing you," returned Amy. "I insisted that he should call on you. You will find him an eminently agreeable person."

"Could I see him with your eyes. But unless I can succeed in obstinately shutting my own, I am afraid I shall be disposed to regard these *Amy*-able young aspirants with anything but favor;" and Mr. Emmerson looked down into the pretty face with such a *killing* expression that poor Amy must have been quite hardened if she had not blushed.

Just then, however, Tom came up the steps, and they went in to breakfast. There were games of croquet and chess afterward, and then some music. So the evening came quickly, and with it Dr. Junius Gregory. John Emmerson saw in a moment that this young man was by no means an ordinary person. He was no match for John in personal appearance, perhaps; but then *his* unusual beauty had been talked of by men, women and children until it made him a little angry, and he began to fear he must be something of a "pretty man" in reality; yet Junius Gregory was fine-looking withal, considerably travelled, and an eminently fascinating person in manner and conversation. And Amy seemed by no means insensible to his many advantages.

"He might be a formidable rival," muttered John as he walked alone toward the grove, "if Miss Amy Allandale were possessed of a fortune and the other requisites for becoming Mrs. Emmerson. But pshaw, what *am* I dreaming about? Poor, or certainly what would be counted poor among my set, and with no affectation of style or consequence about her, I must quit thinking about her, or I am in for a sighing spell for the next four weeks." It was all very easy, perhaps, for Mr. John Emmerson to say he must cease to think about Miss Amy Allandale, but Amy was not a woman that the least susceptible of young men could see and forget so readily, and this he soon knew to his cost.

"Well, Amy, John has been here a week now, and you have seen him in all his moods; don't you think he's a splendid fellow?" said Tom, coming down one morning rather earlier than his visitor was in the habit of rising, and finding Amy by the open window of the breakfast parlor. "You must take care not to lose your heart, though, he is an incorrigible flirt." The rogue; when he knew his greatest desire had been that Amy should like him—always provided she could secure the young man's regard in return.

"Don't be alarmed, Tom," she replied, still looking out. "If you mean by a 'splendid fellow,' that Mr. Emmerson is wondrously handsome, I will say yes. If you mean that he is really intellectual, and agreeable, when he chooses to make himself so; yes, again; but if you imagine him my beau ideal, you are mistaken."

"How so?" cried Tom, with all the solicitude of a lover being discarded in person. "I look at him sometimes—nay every time I *do* look at him—and think if I were a woman, John Emmerson is the very man I could die or commit suicide, or something or other for, I couldn't suggest a change that would not seriously mar the perfection of his nature."

"He is a little effeminate; too listless, and—I suppose it is fashionable, but he is *drawlingly* affected in manner. His voice is absolutely '*traînante*'"

"Brignoli hasn't a finer!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly.

"He *sings* well, if you mean that," laughed Amy. "The intonation I object to is entirely too often—for it is *not always*, affected. He drops it when he becomes excited—for example, on yesterday when he was reading the last chapter of 'Edwin Drood' aloud—and *then*, Tom—(don't be angry; I am going to agree with you,) he really was splendid. But here is Dr. Gregory, waiting for me to take my morning's ride."

"I say, Amy, what does all this sudden devotion between you and Junius mean?" asked Tom, turning a little pale as he faced her. "Gregory is a good fellow—a clever fellow; but I don't just like that. I want to give you up only to John—if to any body?"

"What a dear, silly Tom," laughed Amy again, as she stepped through the window. "Mr. Emmerson will probably have a word or two to say in your little arrangement. And then it takes 'two to make a match!'"

Tom followed her out—spoke to Dr. Gregory, not quite so cordially as was his habit—and helped Amy to mount. Then he stood looking after them until he saw John Emmerson coming down for the morning's paper.

"If I thought Amy was encouraging Gregory to come between me and my little arrangement for her and John, I should delight in doing him with some of his medicines until he wouldn't look as big and strong again, in a hurry. Junius, indeed! Why it might as well—

"Your cousin is riding, I think," said John Emmerson, coming up. "I can see her going over the hills. Who is her escort?"

"Only Junius Gregory," replied Tom, trying to speak very carelessly.

"Only! He is enough, in all conscience, if size is anything," said John, as he leaned over the gate. "And by the way, Tom, I think Dr. Gregory is rather 'sweet' on Miss Amy."

"She'll make him feel 'bitter' enough then, in good time," returned Tom, rather nervously. "Amy is a terrible little coquette—though you would hardly suspect it."

"I have been more than suspecting it for some time," answered John. "This Dr. Gregory is not within the prohibited bans of consanguinity—as you are."

"Nay, for the matter of that, it is about the same thing," said Tom. "Amy's mother—a Mrs. Allandale, married my Uncle James Maury—and they were second cousins; so that makes me and Amy, third or fourth, or something of that sort. But she really has no more thought of Junius than she has of me."

John Emmerson did not reply, he was whistling an air from a popular opera, and Tom, quite willing to let the subject drop, walked back with him to the house.

All that day, and the next, and the next, John Emmerson was unusually attentive, and animated; Amy smiling; and Tom, of course, ecstatic.

"I can see he is in love with her," thought the latter; "and of course Amy would be the happiest woman in the world. Gregory is nearly as well off as Emmerson, when it comes to dollars and cents; but how could a romantic young girl consider anything so sordid, after she had looked at John and heard him talk! And Amy is appreciative, I know."

Yes. Mr. Emmerson confessed it to himself at last, with something like an anathema at his own weakness. He was deeply, madly in love with this simple country girl. "What a fool I have been," he muttered to himself, when he had retired to his room. "Any useless love-making would be the basest ingratitude to Tom; and I can *not* marry her. It is *absolutely* necessary that I should wed Nina Marston; she has the dower of a princess to help me on in my ambitious thirst for promotion to the Supreme Bench of the Judiciary, some day. She is pretty, too: and I could have loved her, but for the too seductive beauty and superior mind of this little wood-nymph, for she is dazzlingly *piquante*. When she talks as spiritedly as she sometimes does, there seems something kindred to my own in her glowing thoughts; something that my heart tells me might inspire me with the proper and wise ambition, which regards the fools of the world as puppets, as counters, or chess-men—that we each handle so skilfully every day. And yet I must have *money*. I will return to the city at once—and to Nina." And having thus made up his mind, Mr. Emmerson put out his light, and retired.

Chivalrous, devoted Tom was amazed the next day.

"No, John, you promised to immolate yourself for the six weeks. I am compelled to stay here; and I am too selfish to let you off. Is it *so* hard to stand us for another two weeks longer?"

"So hard that I should never wish to see the city and my dull chambers afterward," answered John, with a slight tremor in his really fine voice. "Don't ask me Tom, old fellow, as you love me. This has been the happiest four weeks of my life; but I must go back to-morrow."

And Tom, seeing how earnest he was, ceased to persuade.

"I see how it is though," he muttered, "John does not wish to tell her of his love. He is disposed to be indolent, and wants a fortune with his wife. Exactly the thing that will ruin his fine intellect, as Judge Lyons said. He needs action—action—or he will lapse into the comatose state of half the well-fed, plethoric, heavy-pursed fellows about town; and no one will ever know that he has the grand gifts that nature has lavished upon him. No, just as I think him the noblest fellow in the world at heart, I am anxious to see him married to Amy: for she, dear girl—I will keep out of their way, as much as I can to-day, and perhaps she will be too much for him."

Too much for him in very deed, for as the evening closed in, Mr. John Emmerson's beautiful black eyes gleamed like two stars, and he was pouring forth a rhapsody of tender words to poor blushing little Amy, in utter oblivion of Miss Nina Marston, and all the other fortunes of earth."

"I have struggled against my love for you, but you force me into an absolute and unconditional surrender" he whispered, tumultuously. "Amy, darling Amy, I could marry women of exalted rank and beauty, who would bring to me a queenly fortune; but I will joyfully make the sacrifice for you—you are all the fortune I want, and I will make you my wife *whenever* you say—the sooner the better my beautiful bewitching little fairy. You will marry me, Amy, will you not?"

"It is too great a sacrifice to ask of you, Mr. Emmerson, I do not think I can."

"Amy, my soul's own, you cannot doubt my sincerity?" he pleaded, in a wounded tone.

"In justice to you, Mr. Emmerson, and to your appreciation of *Tom*, I must say that I do not," she replied, drawing herself up something coldly. "But can you imagine no other motive of dissent on my part?"

"Indeed I cannot."

"Not when I tell you that I do not love you?"

"Miss Allandale!" and John, the exquisite, stared at her in such a blank amazement that Amy laughed outright.

"Don't trifle with me, Amy," he said seriously. "It is too grave a subject—one fraught with too life-long an interest for us both to be made a jest of. I know you are young and something thoughtless, but you can learn to love me, dear," and he strove to take her hand.

"I am old enough, and have thought enough to know I *can never* love *you*, Mr. Emmerson," she said proudly as she drew back from him, "As a friend of Tom's I like you very much indeed, and am so much grieved at what has happened, that I must beg you once more to drop the disagreeable subject, as I can never think of you more kindly than I have done. Nay, listen to me. My heart is already given to another," and she escaped from the room.

Never in his life had Mr. John Emmerson been more completely astounded or indignant. "The little bread and butter miss!" he muttered. "To refuse *me*, John Emmerson, that half the queens of fashion who would not take her for their *femme-de-chambre*, are half crazy to secure. I have been an arrant fool, and the fates decreed that she should teach me a lesson. But she shall not know that it is a painful one."

When Tom came in half an hour afterward he found him lying upon a sofa pretendedly asleep.

"What a famous opportunity I should have had to win a pair of gloves had I been a woman" said Tom, as the other rubbed his eyes. "Where is Amy?"

"Taking an evening's nap, I suppose, as I have been doing," replied John coldly. "We may awaken her with some music," and he went to the piano and sang several comic songs in his airiest vein.

"How I wish Amy would come" thought Tom, "I have never seen him more irresistible." Amy did come after awhile, but she did not seem at all impressed, and Tom began to think that all was not exactly right. The next morning he loitered about the yard again, thinking to give them a last chance, but John came quickly out to him, and remained persistently at his side until the farewells were spoken, and he had been taken over to the stand.

"Amy," said Tom, when he had come back, and was wandering about the room in which she sat in quite a disconsolate manner, "if ever I felt assured of anything, it was that John Emmerson liked you, and that he would tell you so."

"He did tell me so, Tom."

"And oh, Amy, is it possible that you sent him away?"

"What could I do, Tom? I did not love him?"

"Is it Junius Gregory, confound him?" But this made Amy's large eyes fill with tears, and Tom left the house, and wandered about the farm all day. "I can't make it out," he mused. "If Emmerson would only take to for hunting, and rough it a little, I am sure she would like him better. I'll give him a hint when I go up if I find him in the right mood." But Tom was detained in the country a whole month longer, and at the end of that time he received a wedding ticket with the names of Mr. John Emmerson and Miss Nina Marston in monogram. Tom went to the marriage of course, was away three days, and at the end of that time walked over from the coach stand, and burst like one mad into the sitting-room, where he found Amy alone.

"Amy, you did not tell me. Is it Junius Gregory?"

"Ungenerous Tom! will I never hear the last of that? Dr. Gregory is nothing to me, and never will be."

"Amy," Tom had come quite close to her with a new light in his handsome face, "John Emmerson gave me a hint that flooded my soul with a great joy. He thought you might learn to like *me*. Oh, darling, tell me, I cannot bear the suspense." And as Amy stood all trembling like a leaf, and covered her blushing face with her hands, Tom caught her in his arms, and drew her to his breast, while she looking up through her tears whispered,

"I have loved you all my life." When he had held her there a moment in silence too blissful for words he bent over her,

"And even John Emmerson could not win you from me?"

"Don't talk of him, Tom. I can't bear to think how anxious you seemed to give me up to him."

"It was because I thought him more worthy of you than any man living—none could be entirely, and I least of all. Oh, Amy! what an unwise choice you have made. But I know now that I should have been very miserable if it had been otherwise."

"Hush!" said Amy resolutely. "I intend to dethrone that idol, Tom. You are as far above John Emmerson in your noble, self-sacrificing nature, as the heavens are above the earth."

And Tom Maury consoled himself for the loss of his friend, by taking a wife himself as speedily as possible: neither is Amy disposed to be jealous of the old favorite, for Tom seems blissfully contented in his country home.

A Struggle With an Alligator.

We take the following graphic extract from a letter written by a traveller in South America:—

I was returning from my half-built sugar-mill one day, perhaps a month after my first arrival here, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had left the dingy-complexioned masons sipping their chocolate, and had received the foreman's solemn assurance that a fresh course of blocks, properly cemented, should be laid before he permitted his gang to give over work. I was riding homeward, then, thinking of many things—of friends and school-fellows that I should perhaps never see again in the flesh; of—

"What was that? A cry of pain?" Yes, a cry, certainly of pain or terror—the shrill, appealing cry of a child's agonized voice; and I started, and wheeled my horse toward the quarter from which the sounds seemed to come. The cry was repeated, more feebly than before; and as I had now no doubt as to the direction whence the call for help proceeded, I dashed across a ravine, and, scrambling up the steep bank opposite, came in sight of the chain of lagoons, connected with the mighty Rio Plata by a small river, which skirted the plantations of rice and tobacco, and on the banks of which I had shot many a snipe and flamingo. Here, at the edge of a cane-bordered creek that ran up from the nearest lagoon into the broken ground, where the hillocks were gay with purple rhododendrons and the wild geranium, I beheld a sight that chilled my blood with horror.

Close to the margin of the water, knee-deep in the flowers and the tall Pampas grass, just where the white and yellow pond-lilies mingled with the rich-colored blossoms of the flowered prairie, was a child—little Charlie—our neighbor, Don Miguel's hope and heir—his one tie to life and its affections—I knew the bare little golden head at once. But the boy stood, rooted to the ground, transfixed by terror, crouching down, his blue eyes, dilated by mortal fear, fixed on something huge, shapeless, unclean, that drew nearer and nearer yet, a grim and monstrous thing, that had more the aspect of a large log, glistening with slimy mud, than of anything else. What is the ugly thing that has crawled out from the creek, fringed with bushes of the laurel-rose, and that is clumsily climbing the bank with awkward hurry of its ungainly claw-tipped feet? An alligator, by heaven! for I see the slanting sunlight glisten on its scaly back, and the formidable jaws open and display the curved row of gleaming white teeth, as, with its cruel red eye fixed upon its prey, it approached the spot where stood the fated child, frozen by a terror that denied him the power to flee.

"Run, Charlie, run! run toward me!" I called aloud, at the same time urging my horse down the bank. The little fellow turned his pale face toward me, and recognized me; but fear was still too potent with him, and he remained where he was, crying out to somebody to save him. I dashed in the spurs rowel deep, and at one bound came crashing through the rhododendrons to within some three or four feet of the place where the child stood. The alligator wheeled angrily round, to confront the intruder who dared to come between him and his toothsome supper; and my horse, driven wild with terror at the sight and smell of the monstrous reptile, reared, swerved, and threw me, galloping off like a mad creature. I was on my feet in a moment, and had just time to throw myself between the alligator and the boy, before the bloodthirsty jaws could close on the first fatal snap. The brute recoiled a little, for alligators are cowardly as well as fierce, and they have been known to watch for hours in their reedy ambush, allowing men to pass them uninjured, until they could pounce securely on a woman or a child. But the reptile's slow blood had been too much stirred, by the expectation of an easy triumph, to permit him to decline the fight, and he crawled in upon me, uttering the hoarse cry, half-roar, half-whimpering moan, that a cayman gives under the sting of pain or fury.

I had my sheath-knife out, a strong, double-edged blade of Barcelona steel, with a cross-handle and buckhorn haft; but this seemed a poor weapon against such a foe. By a hasty impulse—one of those life-saving thoughts that come upon us at moments of extreme peril, as if they were the whisperings of inspiration—I tore the blue woollen poncho from my shoulders—happily, I had adopted the New Spain style of dress—and, wrapping the mantle around the tough handle of my whalebone riding-whip, I forced it between the alligator's jaws as he closed with me, while at the same time, bending forward, I struck hard with my two-edged knife at his white throat, which was comparatively unprotected. The first stab told, for the white streak was soon crimsoned with blood, but the second stroke failed, for the knife slipped, and rattled uselessly on the armor-plates of the creature's mailed back; and then began a struggle for death or life between my terrible antagonist and myself. My strength was nothing to that of the huge reptile, and I felt myself dragged to right and left as if I had been a rat in the gripe of a terrier, yet I held on fast to the whalebone handle of the whip, while the sharp teeth vainly gnashed and tore at the spongy wool that clogged them, and I retained my hold in sheer desperation, striking in with my knife whenever I got a chance, but usually baffled by the tenacious armor of my invulnerable adversary.

Charlie, a few feet distant, was sobbing piteously, at times crying aloud to Guachos whom he knew—"Sancho!" "Diego!" "El Negro!"—to help me; for the dear little fellow, delivered from his first agony of alarm, seemed now to think only of my peril. The idea was a good one, although the child's weak voice could not of course reach far. Exerting the full strength of my lungs, I twice shouted forth the well-known desert cry when a jaguar is sighted: "Monos, a mi!—El Tigre!—Mo-zos!"—and I fancied, as I uttered the second call, that I heard a distant answer, like a faint echo. But now I had need of all my breath and all my muscles, for the infuriated animal with which I fought, tearing the cloth of the soft mantle to pulp, was gradually getting its grim jaws free. Twice, already, had my wrist and arm been grazed by its keen teeth—I bear the white scars to this day—and the horrible odor of the creature, and the remorseless glare of its small bloodshot eye, impressed me with the fantastic notion that my enemy was something evil beyond the mere furious greed of a wild beast. Yet I grasped the whalebone whip-handle, and drove in the knife with all the force of an arm that was fast growing exhausted. Spent, breathless, giddy, I was dragged down, and in a kneeling attitude, exerted the remains of my waning strength in a stab at the alligator's throat. The blade broke short off by the handle as it lodged among the stout scales of the neck!

Just then I heard a shout, and the tramp of a horse coming up at full and furious speed. On they came, the steed foam-flecked and gored by the spur, the rider brandishing high above his head the spiral coils of the lasso. I recognized the horseman in an instant. It was Juan, the boldest and most dexterous of all that Centaur brotherhood; and he knew me, and comprehended at a glance the state of affairs.

"Stand back, sir—stand back!" he cried aloud, "and I'll do the rest; Mozos!—El Tigre!—Mo-zos!" And he whirled the lasso high, spurring his frightened horse near and nearer to the spot. Reeling, breathless, and dizzy of brain, I understood the Guacho's meaning sufficiently to stand back, letting go my hold of the tough whip-handle, which, with the tattered poncho wrapped around it, I had hitherto obstinately kept between the alligator's churning jaws. The infuriated brute followed me up with bitter hate, his hateful snout all but brushing my knee as I staggered back. But just at that instant, whirr! crack! came the well-known sound of the heavy lasso whistling past, launched with unerring aim, and as I gazed about me with haggard eyes, I saw that the noose was tightening round the reptile's neck; while Juan, with the end of the stout cord fastened to his saddle, had started off at a canter, towing along the alligator after him, as he had tugged along many a bull and many a wild steed.

For an instant it seemed as if the Guacho's would be an easy triumph; but it was only the surprise of the shock that had mastered the alligator, a very large one, and the great weight and strength of which soon began to tell. I saw the horse brought, with a jerk, to a stop, and then, to my dismay, beheld steed and rider dragged by sheer force toward the lagoon, vainly striving to resist the superior power of the gigantic tyrant of the waters. Juan drove in his spurs, urging his panting and terrified horse by voice, hand, and knee, to put out its whole strength; but it soon seemed plain that unless the saddle-girths gave way, dragged down into the pool he would be, horse and man, while there could be in such a case little doubt of the issue of the conflict. To cut the cord, would have been the only mode of separating the combatants in this unequal duel; but I had let fall my broken knife in the long Pampas grass, and a Guacho clings to his lasso with the same mechanical impulse that causes a seaman to hold fast to shroud or stay. "Let go the rope!" I called out to him as loudly as I could. "Loose the end from the saddle-ring, and let the brute go!" But Juan paid no heed to my advice, but spurred his struggling horse, uttering at the full pitch of his voice the "tiger-call" of the herdsmen.

The child had crept close to me, and was holding on to my coat, weeping and calling on his absent father, and his presence embarrassed me; for, wearied and disarmed as I was, I felt eager to come to the aid of the bold lad who had saved me from the very jaws of death; but just at the moment that the mulatto girl, Charlie's nurse, came running down the hill with sobs and outcries in search of the truant charge who had strayed off while she was threading scarlet berries for a necklace, four of our mounted men came thundering down with cheery shouts and lassoes whirled aloft; and in a very short time the alligator, strong and savage as he was, noosed and entangled by the pliant cords, stabbed with knives, and beaten down by bolas, lay dead and harmless.

Before we left the spot, a number of other persons, alarmed by the "tiger-call"—never before heard so near the hacienda itself—came up, and among the last of these was Don Miguel, already instructed by a mounted messenger as to what had occurred. He arrived, pale with emotion, sprang from his horse, and clasped his little son in his arms, eyeing the child all over with jealous anxiety, as if to be assured that he was really unscathed; then, coming up to me, he grasped both my hands, and before I could prevent him, kissed them as fervently as ever devotee pressed his lips to the relics of a saint.

☞ A New Orleans youth thought he would commit suicide, and accordingly jumped into the river. Finding it too cold for comfort, he changed his mind, swam ashore, and scrambled upon a dock, whence he viewed with much interest the efforts of the police and citizens to recover his body.

☞ A Louisiana paper is named "Homer's Iliad."

☞ A girl at Newburyport, Mass., aged 20, has been married three times and divorced twice.

☞ The Baltimore papers complain of poor gas and street lighting arrangements, and pathetically picture the police of the city as losing themselves in the darkness of their own beats and inquiring the way to the station-house of strangers.

"I want to know," said a creditor fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?" "When I'm going to pay you? Why, you're a pretty fellow! Do you take me for a prophet?"

☞ A large black spider in a grist mill at Manchester, N. H., caught a small mouse and raised it about two inches from the floor. The mouse was alive when found, but was unable to extricate itself from the silken network which the spider had woven around its body.

☞ Nilsson's husband excommunicated himself from the Catholic Church by being married in an Episcopal sanctuary. Nilsson herself is a Lutheran.

LOVE MEMORIES.

Ay, lad, it was here that we lingered
In the still of that sweet June night,
Till the larks were up, and the cloudless east
Was flushed with rosy light;
And a red-breast was out on the hawthorn there,
A-trilling a low sweet lay
To his mate and the wee brown birds that slept
In the nest on the bending spray.

It was at your grandfather's wedding, lad,
That Jenny and I had been,
And I was the bravest of all the lads,
And she of the girls was queen;
And homeward we walked through the dewy fields,
When the dancing and mirth were o'er;
And I stood with her dear little hand in mine,
Here, under the porch by the door.

There was never a soul astir in the house,
But all was as still as could be;
And even although they had all been awake,
They could never have seen her and me;
For the ivy was thick, and we whispered so low,
Oh, they ne'er could have heard us there,
As she gave me a wild red rose from the flowers
She had worn in her beautiful hair.

Oh, the passionate love of my life's spring tide!
Though now I am old and gray,
Each low murmured word I remember as well
As if it were yesterday,
How I thrilled at the touch of the soft brown locks,
That over her shoulders curled,
And trembled for joy when I dared to kiss
The rosiest lips in the world!

Get me a bit of the blossom, lad,
That wreathes on the hawthorn tree,
And leave me here till I dream awhile
Of the life that was never to be,
For the shadowy phantoms of long ago
I see through a mist of tears;
Your hope lies hid in the coming, lad,
But mine in the bygone years.

CUT IN WOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY M. W. D.

"Well, John, you may as well confess to what everybody knows to be a fact. Do let one know how it is getting on at any rate," said Tom Melvill to John Clark, a handsome young fellow, somewhere in the thirties.

"Don't chaff a fellow," said the listener, a little roughly. "It's dare'd unkind of you, and I've only known her a week, besides; oh, she's glorious! old fellow, I wish you knew her. However," he said, quickly, seeing his friend's face light up, "I don't think she would please you; a little too intellectual, perhaps; no small talk. But, ah, excuse me! there she is." And he started off to speak to her.

John did not belong to that set of fashionable loungers who so often resort to watering places of this kind, but was a young doctor of good means—and what is more rare in these days, with good principles.

Imagine a tall, well-built man, dark eyes, and hair with just a little wave in it, a low forehead, and sharply-cut eyebrows—and then you have John Clark.

As for Mina, she was not so attractive for beauty of outline and features, as for a rich complexion, and a smile of rare sweetness, the varied expression of which made her particularly attractive, as well as her original thoughts and expressions.

But while we have been talking of her, John has reached his "fair divinity," and is now leaning over her chair whispering something in her ear.

"Certainly," she replies. "On which croquet ground shall we play?"

Rising she accompanied him, and in a few moments they were seen walking off armed with balls and mallets.

"Come, sir," she said, with a little imperious air, and a peculiar light in her eye, which seemed to say "beat me if you dare."

"I shall consider the winning or losing of this game, as a good or bad omen for one or the other of us."

"And I too," said he slowly, "and the result of it will influence my whole future."

"Mine will only influence the results of to-night, but nevertheless I shall be terribly disappointed if I lose."

So they play on, the turning point is reached, passed, and now both balls stand a foot apart at the stake, and it is Mina's turn. She measures the distance with her eye, strikes, and misses.

"How vexatious" she said, as they walked in.

"I am sorry, but I shall accept it as a lucky omen for me."

When Mr. Clark entered the ball-room that night, he was surprised to see Mina on the arm of a handsome naval officer, his moustache almost touching her cheek, and Mina looking at him in undisguised admiration. We can imagine the pang that shot through Mr. Clark's bosom, and for some time he thought she had forgotten him, till in passing she smiled and said—

"A bad omen for you, sir, you see my wish is granted," pointing to her companion. "You will surely lose yours now."

"Why, Mina," said her companion, "I never saw such a sorrowful face, he must be in love, Mina Rivers, I won't have any flirtations."

"You must scold him not me, and that you may have time to begin, I will present you immediately. Mr. Childs, Mr. Clark; and now, gentlemen, I must go to dance, and she was soon seen whirling away on a gentleman's arm. John and Mr. Childs stood, and talked on indifferent subjects, till John discovering the degree of intimacy which existed between Mr. Childs and Mina, went off to bed in a bad humor. Not forgetting however to send Mina a bouquet containing a note requesting her to walk with him in the afternoon of the next day, and to which he found a satisfactory reply on his plate at breakfast.

Hardly able to wait for the afternoon, his patience was not much augmented by the gratification of watching Mina, and him whom he supposed was Mina's lover. At last afternoon came, and Mina and John were ready to start, when a slight altercation took place which ended by her telling him, "Never to recur to the subject again," then, after he had obtained her pardon they set out, John considerably crestfallen.

Arrived in the woods he seated himself at her side ready for a *tête-à-tête* conversation, when she, very coolly handing him a book, told him to read, adding she was sleepy, and his voice would no doubt be an excellent soporific. Slightly piqued he took up a copy of Tennyson's poems, and though at first his voice showed its inclination to anger, yet when he grew interested in his reading, he threw his whole spirit into it, and perhaps a little more of his heart than he cared to show.

At first Mina thought he only read unusually well, but when she noticed his eyes raised to her face several times, she began to think this was the perfection of flirting. By-and-by John thought his companion very silent. He looked up and saw her head resting on her hand. He called her twice, and when she looked toward him, saw her eyes liquid with unshed tears, which she, rather untruthfully, attributed to a severe headache.

"Let me bathe it for you," said he, and rising, dipped her handkerchief in the spring. After some moments he arose, and bringing her a glass of water, said,

"'Drink, pretty creature, drink;'"

and Mina, having a deeper perception of the ludicrous than the sentimental, said "Ba-a."

"Why will you make fun of me? To punish you for this I will cut something on that beech-tree." So saying he jumped on a log, and after about fifteen minutes' carving, he called her to show an arrow run through two hearts, on which their initials were cut in a monogram.

"I think, Mr. Clark," she said, "that it is hardly worthy a gentleman to take a girl out to walk for the purpose of insulting her. This is the second time; your first shaft was aimed on the porch this afternoon, and your second—but that has occurred too recently to require any reference to it. You will oblige me by showing me the way home now."

Mr. Clark, utterly stupefied, was going to obey, when looking up, he saw Mr. Childs standing in their path; and much to John's disgust, Mina asked him to walk home with them, utterly frustrating John's desire to apologize.

The walk home was not so embarrassed as one might have expected, and Mina, though friendly with both, would be almost tender with Mr. Childs, while she would never unbend to John. For several days John watched for an opportunity to make his peace with her, but Mina as studiously avoided him. At last, during Mr. Childs's absence, an opportunity was afforded him.

She having already forgiven him, accepted his apology on condition that he would never repeat the first offence, and would remove the second immediately, and offered him a white flower as a token of truce, which he pressed to his lips more than once during her retreat.

Mina that afternoon was taking a stroll in the woods, when an irresistible impulse drew her to the beech-tree upon which she now expected to see no visible signs of the offending monogram. Great was her surprise when she saw it standing out in bold relief. She leaned toward it, her cheek almost touching the wood, when hearing footsteps, she looked up and saw John.

"My darling, and have I found you thus?" he exclaimed, but there was a sudden check to his voice when he saw a hard, cold look spread over her features.

"Excuse me," as she saw him turning away, "but will you explain to me why this has not been effaced, and also why you have followed and dogged my footsteps? I should think a *gentleman* would have too much pride to obtrude himself on a lady's presence."

A dangerous light played in his eyes as he answered,

"I have not dogged your footsteps, but came here to fulfil your express command; having been called away this morning, on pressing business, I could not come earlier." So saying, he began to cut away the offensive letters.

After he had finished he looked up, and attempting to take one of her hands said, in a low tone,

"Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," she replied, coldly drawing it away from him.

"Ah, but you must not say it *so*. It must sound more as if you meant it?"

And again he took her hand, this time raising it to his lips, when it struck more rudely than he intended. With an angry frown he looked up, to find the place which Mina had occupied empty air. Imagine his dismay, when, on returning, he saw her seated with Mr. Childs and a lovely blonde. Knowing how impossible it would be to speak to her, he went to his room, and wrote the following note:

"My Dear Miss Mina—

"Knowing how angry you are with me, and (if I may say it,) how unjust that anger is, I entreat you to grant me a few moments interview, in which I will try to place matters before you in their true light. If I fail I will go away, for you have told me that my presence is intolerable. Even were it otherwise I would not remain here, made miserable by your anger.

"Most truly yours,

"John Clark."

This note he gave to Childs's brother, himself standing at a distance to see it delivered, but when George walked up, he heard Childs order him off, saying, "You must not interrupt us, I am talking to your future sister."

Determined to obtain her forgiveness at all risks, John walked up and laid it in her lap. She read it by the light of a neighboring lamp, and then silently rising took his arm.

"I fear, Miss Mina," John said, "that I have acted a very reprehensible part in your sight. On my leaving you I set out to obey your wishes, but was stopped on the way by one of the railroad men down here, who told me of a man lying down in the village who was run over by the cars, and knowing that I was a doctor they sent for me. I did all I could for him, but his spine was injured. He died at six o'clock. Then I went to the beech-tree, where I found you, and you know the rest," said he, abruptly turning his face away from her. "I see my story does not satisfy you, so good-bye."

"No, Mr. Clark, you must not go. I fear I have treated you very unjustly, but you'll forgive me?"

"Say *you* are not angry, and I'll do anything you like. If you are I must go away."

"Angry? Oh no," stretching out both her hands to him.

He caught them eagerly, and holding them close to his bosom, said—

"I fear you will think me very ungrateful, but, Mina, I cannot stay unless you promise me one other thing. Oh, Mina, do not turn away from me! Be my wife, Mina. Say that you love me," and straining her to his bosom he continued utterly regardless of her silence. "If you knew how lonely my life has been since you were angry with me. I have been miserable. Tormenting myself with a thousand wild fancies. Give me a word of hope, dearest, and even if it be on the brink of eternity that you are married to me, tell me, darling, will you be my wife, only a word, a sign, a whispered 'yes' will be enough?" And even before he had finished a lovely arm stole around his neck, and a tiny white hand nestled in his hair. "God bless you, my darling, you do not know how happy you have made me. You will never marry any one else?"

"I can't, you know, unless I commit bigamy; besides, who do you think I could marry, knowing you?"

"Don't be angry, darling. But Mr. Childs—"

"Mr. Childs. Why, you old goose, he is my half brother, and is engaged to Cousin Pauline, who was sitting on the piazza with us to-night."

"Ah, that accounts for what I heard this evening. When I sent you that note, Childs said to George not to disturb him; that he was talking to George's future sister, I concluded he meant you."

"Ah! Mr. Clark. How could you be so silly. But I did not hear George come."

"By-the-way, Mina, don't you know my first name? You have called me nothing but Mr. Clark all evening."

"Yes, oh yes, I know it well enough," she replied, blushing.

"Well, then, say 'I love you, John.' Come, if you don't I shall have to punish you," said he, seeing her hesitate.

"I love you, John," she murmured softly.

"Ah! now you shall have your reward," said the scamp, kissing her repeatedly, and being this time more successful than before. "Come now," said he, putting his arm round her waist, "now we will receive our congratulations."

But Childs, when told, only said, "I expected it ever since I saw something down in the woods the other day."

"What?" said both, breathlessly.

"Something cut in wood," said he, with a light laugh. "I won Pauline better than that, did I not, dear?"

☞ A converted Indian preacher in Kansas says he can always tell a Christianized Indian by the treatment of his squaw. When she rides a horse and the husband walks, it is conclusive proof that the work of grace has been accomplished.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

"What makes you keep turning your eyes down the road so often, Marie? But I am foolish to ask you such a question. I know you are expecting that lover of yours."

The speaker was a woman of sixty-five or seventy years of ago, and her companion was a girl of not more than nineteen or twenty, with one of those beautiful faces one is so apt to see in the east of France.

The girl did not make any reply to the old lady's question, but a little extra tint of rose dyed her cheek, and a tender light came into her eyes.

"I tell you, Marie, no good will come of your fancy for this stranger, *I* don't like him, and I can't see why *you* do. But then," with a sigh, and in a different tone as if talking to himself—"it's natural for girls to make fools of themselves, I suppose, and lose their hearts to any young man with a handsome face who happens to come along."

"But you don't know anything bad about Victor," said Marie in defense of her lover. "I don't see why you should dislike him as you do."

"No, because *you* like him so well," replied the other dryly. "An excellent reason, doubtless why *I* should like him. But I *don't*, as I've told you several times. I've seen a good deal of the world, Marie, and such faces as his are always false. I've noticed that time and again. You don't know anything about the world, child, and your fancy this Le Noir to be just what he pretends to be. I'm sorry for you, but if you will persist in going on against my wishes, you will have to bear the consequences. Remember I warned you. Ten chances to one after he's made you believe that no one else in the world is as pretty as you are, or half so dear to him, he'll get tired of the sport, and some fine day you'll find your lover flown, and you'll have to nurse a sore heart in consequence. And he—why in a week he'll be making some other foolish girl like yourself believe that he never saw a pretty face before. Do as I tell you, Marie, and stop where you are."

But Marie could not believe her aunt's dislike to her lover to be founded on good grounds. To her he was something entirely different from common men. But then, poor Marie had seen but little, very little of the world. Her parents had died when she was but four years of age, and she had lived with her aunt since that time. Or rather her aunt who was her only living relative, had come to live with her on the last remnant of what had once been a fine estate. They were the last representatives of a proud old family.

By and by, Madame De Loup looked up from her book, and found that Marie had left the room.

"She's gone to meet him," she said, getting up and going to the window. "I knew, all the while, she was expecting he would come. The little fool."

Down at the end of the garden she saw two persons, and one of them was Marie, and the other she knew well enough was Le Noir.

She turned away with a little sigh. She had given her niece the best advice she could. If she would not profit by it,—why *she* could do nothing more.

The sunset faded into mellow moonlight, while Marie and her lover lingered at the gate. He was a young man, with a handsome face, but it was not what any one familiar with the world would have called a good one. But to Marie, whose knowledge of the world was small, whose world, in fact, was bounded by the hills which circled around the little French hamlet, he was noble and good and true. How could her aunt judge him so harshly, she asked herself? It must be because she was getting old and prejudiced.

The stars came out one by one in the blue sky, and the moon climbed up the heavens, flooding earth and air with tender glory. The scent of Provence roses blew about them, and the scene was like a memory of some enchanted land, or some land of dreams, maybe.

"How I love him," Marie said, as, with her lover's kiss still wet upon her lips, she went back through the dewy garden to the house. Her eyes were full of womanly tenderness, and luminous with the love Victor Le Noir had kindled into existence. Looking in her face, then, you would have seen how well she could love, and with what intensity she could hate.

CHAPTER II.

A year had gone by since, by the garden gate, Victor Le Noir kissed Marie good night, and left her with the memory of his passionate words ringing in her ears—and the year had brought a terrible change, not only to Marie, but to France.

It was as Madame De Loup had prophesied. One day, Marie learned that Le Noir had gone, no one knew where—had gone without one word of good-bye, and had left no message for her, and no clue by which to trace his movements.

"He will come again," she said, with white lips. "I *know* he will. In a month we were to have been married. He will come before a month has gone."

But the month went by, and never a word from her recreant lover came to Marie's ears.

"It is as I told you," Madame De Loup said, "he was merely amusing himself with you. Probably, at this moment, he is laughing at the remembrance of it."

Poor Marie's face was pale as the flower over which she bent to hide it from her aunt's keen eyes.

False! and she had trusted him with her heart—her honor! False! and what was to become of her!

She watched and waited, hoping in a kind of vague way for—she knew not what. Perhaps he would come after all. And the days slipped by, one by one, while she watched and waited with such a heavy, aching heart in her bosom, and he did not come.

And so a year rolled around. War, like a black cloud, settled over the fair hills and smiling valleys of France, and there was sorrow and woe, and the terrible shadow of desolation in many a peaceful happy home.

The war cloud had burst suddenly over the hamlet where Marie's life had known, within the year, its happiest and its darkest days. And now, about the hills the soldier's graves showed where the footsteps of death had been.

The day was drawing to its end. In the low and shadowy room overlooking the garden, and the gate, where so many times Victor Le Noir had called her tender names, and kissed her, Marie sat, and looked out into the gathering dusk, while in its cradle at her feet, a baby slept. Her child, and his.

The child stirred and cried out. She lifted it from its pillow and held it on her breast, singing a plaintive little ditty, while the night darkened down about her.

What was it that made her shiver so? Was it the dampness of the night? She felt a strange thrill at her heart as the click of the gate came to her ears, and a step sounded on the walk.

Some one flung open the door, and came into the room.

"Who is it?" she asked, from her place among the shadows.

"Marie! was it you that spoke?—are you here?" cried a voice that she knew full well. "Where are you? In the corner there? I am in trouble, and I want you to help me."

A year ago that voice had been the dearest one on earth to her. It had told her such sweet and tender things; it had whispered to her of love, and she had thought that no sound could ever be sweeter to her ears than the tones of her lover's voice. But she was not the same person now that she had been a year ago. Then she was a trusting, innocent girl; now she was a woman who had been wronged—a woman who had been deceived—and a woman who hated with a fierce, wild longing for revenge. She had dreamed of a time when revenge would come. Sooner or later she hoped to crush Victor Le Noir as he had crushed the purity and sweetness out of her life. Her race had been famous for hating. The intensity of her hatred for the man who had wronged her, proved that she was not different from the dead and gone members of her family in one respect, at least. But on their proud old name she had brought dishonor, and the stain was on her heart.

"So you have come again?" she said, in a cold, strange calmness. "I have waited for you for a long time," she added, with a bitter sneer in her face, though the shadows hid it from his sight.

"I'm in trouble, Marie," he said, with a quick glance out of the window. "I want you to hide me for a day or two, and if any one comes this way inquiring for me, manage to put them off the track. You'll help me, won't you, for the sake of old times, you know?"

"For the sake of old times, I will help you."

There was a deeper meaning in her words than he detected. Some glimpse of the truth came to her as she sat there with her baby in her arms, and the man who had wrought shame and dishonor in her life before her. She saw that he wore the uniform of a French soldier, and readily divined that he had deserted and was in fear of pursuit, from his words and his restless, excited manner.

The child stirred and cried out again. The cry made her heart as hard as steel toward the man who had had no pity on her, but who was pleading for her help in his peril.

"What! a child?" he said, coming nearer. "Is it yours, Marie?"

"Hark!" she said. "I hear men coming up the road."

The tread of men sounded in the evening air. Le Noir shivered with terror.

"Hide me quick, Marie," he cried. "Tell them I am not here. Let me conceal myself in this cabinet." He dashed open the heavy door of an old oak *armoire* and crept into it, pulling the door to behind him.

The tread came nearer, and Marie waited with a stony calmness on her face. Revenge was near at hand, and revenge would be sweet.

The men came up the path. She could see by the faint light that they were soldiers. One of them knocked. She bade him enter.

"Have you seen anything of a soldier skulking about in this vicinity since noon?" he asked. "We have traced a deserter to this place, and think he must be hiding somewhere near."

"Yes, I have seen him," she said, and to the man crouching in his stifling hiding-place the words were like the knell of doom. "He is concealed in that old cabinet. He hid there when he heard you coming."

"He is here, men," called out the officer, and half a dozen soldiers filed into the room.

"Open the door," said the officer simply, and he was obeyed. Victor Le Noir was dragged from his hiding-place half dead with fear.

"So we have found you again," the officer said; "you see you are not to escape the sentence of your court-martial after all. I have an order from Colonel Duprey to shoot you immediately when captured. I thank you, madam, for the service you have rendered us. You have given a villain up to justice. Take your prisoner, men, and we will put the order in execution."

"For the sake of old times, I have helped you," cried Marie to the wretched man. "You understand, I think."

"You have given me up to death," he cried, struggling with the hands that held him, but in vain. "Oh, Marie, had you no mercy for the father of your child?"

"As much as you had for its mother," she answered. "I would have preferred death, if I could have had my choice."

They dragged him away. She stood at the window and watched them out of sight. When they were hidden from her view, she could hear them talking earnestly, and knew that they had halted to put the sentence of the court-martial into execution.

Madame De Loup came into the room.

"I thought I heard voices; who has been here?" she asked.

"*He* has been here!" cried Marie. "And I have given him up to death. He will be shot as a deserter. I shall have revenge!" Her eyes were fairly on fire with the intensity of her hatred. She seemed suddenly to have forgotten everything but that.

A shot rang out upon the air, and a cry, wild, shrill, and terrible. Then there was silence.

"I have had revenge!" cried Marie, and then she fell forward upon the floor at her aunt's feet. It was a long time before she opened her eyes. When she did, the light of her reason was gone forever. To-day she is a hopeless, incurable maniac—but *she had had her revenge!*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Delaware Democratic Convention met at Dover on Tuesday, August 13, chose an electoral ticket, and nominated C. W. Wright, of Sussex, for Congress. All propositions looking to the endorsement of Greeley were tabled by a large majority, and the Convention adjourned without adopting any platform.

The annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science opened at Brighton on the evening of August 14, Dr. W. B. Carpenter presided. In his opening address he alluded in terms of warm praise to Dr. Livingstone, who persisted in remaining in Africa in the interest of science. He also praised Stanley, who was present, for the bravery he displayed in carrying out his mission to ascertain the whereabouts of Livingstone. The speech was received with loud cheers. Stanley was twice compelled to rise and acknowledge the greeting tendered him. The ex-Emperor Napoleon, who was also present, warmly applauded Stanley, who indeed was the hero of the evening. The St. Petersburg and Florence Geographical Societies have each sent gold medals to Stanley.

At Lynn, Mass., over fifty of the largest shoe manufacturing houses have pledged themselves not to employ any persons controlled by the Crispin Societies. The Crispins in return have voted to withdraw from the Lynn savings banks all their deposits, aggregating about $1,500,000, which sum they say is largely controlled by the manufacturers in business transactions.

The shower of meteors of the night of August 9th was observed in Washington, and during four hours after eleven o'clock two hundred and forty-one shooting stars were counted. Most of these meteors were small and of a yellow color. There were a few large meteors of a white color. The greatest number observed in an hour was one hundred and six. This recent display is regarded as the finest August shower since 1860.

The new iron steamship Pennsylvania, the first of the American Steamship Line, was successfully launched August 15, from the yard of William Cramp & Sons, Kensington. The Ohio, the next of the line, will be launched in about two months.

At Greensboro', N. C., a colored man, named James Johnson, has been indicted and lodged in jail for poisoning a large number of persons by means of ice-cream. Several of those poisoned are in a critical condition, and at least one is not expected to recover.

William Page, the artist, was struck with paralysis in his studio, in New York, August 15. His recovery is expected.

Dr. Lowell Mason, the musical composer, died at Orange, N. J., on Sunday, August 11, aged 81.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. BALTIMORE.

At Philadelphia, August 10, the Athletic defeated the Baltimore club by a score of 15 to 6.

BOSTON VS. MUTUAL.

At Boston, August 10, the Boston defeated the Mutual by a score of 9 to 3.

ATHLETIC VS. TROY-ECKFORD.

At Philadelphia, August 12, the Athletic defeated the newly-organized "Troy-Eckford" nine by a score of 12 to 9.

BALTIMORE VS. MAPLE LEAF.

At Baltimore, August 12, the Baltimore Club defeated the Maple Leaf, of Guelph, Canada, by a score of 25 to 5.

BOSTON VS. MUTUAL.

At New York, August 13, the Boston defeated the Mutual by a score of 4 to 2.

BALTIMORE VS. ECKFORD.

At Baltimore, August 13, the Baltimore defeated the Eckford by a score of 5 to 1.

ATHLETIC VS. MAPLE LEAF.

At Philadelphia, August 14, the champion Athletic defeated the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, champion of Canada, by a score of 35 to 8.

BOSTON VS. ATLANTIC.

At New York, August 14, the Boston defeated the Atlantic by a score of 12 to 6.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

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Is it not a pleasure to have converse with you one of those individuals who punctuate their relation of what they consider particularly good stories of funny occurrences with pokes, nudges, and digs in your ribs? The worst of it is, the jokes of these funny creatures are made up of nine parts nudges and thrusts, and one part wit, as, for instance, in listening to the story of a large-headed man trying on a small hat, we endured the following:—

"By the by, speaking of hats"—pokes us in the bread-basket and stands back as if to view effect—"did you hear of that joke on Bumps?"—Slaps us on the shoulder and laughs.—"Biggest joke of the season."—Punch in the breast-bone.—"Bumps, you see, was just about coming out of the hotel dining-hall."—Nudge in our ribs with elbow.—"Well, he's got a tremendous big head, you know"—grab on lapel of our coat—"so two of us just hid his hat"—wink and a punch in ribs with bony index finger—"and put four other fellows' drab hats just like his in its place."—Poke into shirt bosom.—"Bumps comes out, tries first one hat"—poke—"then another"—punch—"finally, ha! ha! he got mad and"—elbow jab—"jammed the third on so hard he split it open."—Tremendous thrust in stomach.—"Ha! ha! Jim Bustah's hat! And Bumps had to stand treat; three bottles; ha! ha! ha!"—Tremendous slap between the shoulders that took all the remaining breath out of our body.

EXCUSED FOR CAUSE.

Captain Tom Bugbee was out with his company on detached duty. In fact, he had two companies under his command. He had with him a small brass Napoleon, and an ambulance. Captain Tom was a strict disciplinarian, but a convivial fellow withal, and fond of creature comforts, not many of which were obtainable in the wild country through which he was marching. The column had just left the small hamlet of Jasper's Cross Roads, below Jacksonville, when the captain observed that one of his drums was not beating, and he directed a lieutenant to inquire the cause. The lieutenant sought the delinquent, and demanded to know why he was not beating time. The fellow nodded mysteriously, and whispered into the officer's ear:—

"I've got a pair of roasted chickens and two bottles of whisky in my drum, and a chick and a bottle are for the captain.

"Zounds!" cried Captain Tom, with vehement sympathy, "why didn't the poor drummer tell us that his legs had given out? I don't want men to march if they're lame like that. Put him in the ambulance, sir."

The drummer was consigned to the ambulance, and not long after Captain Tom and the lieutenant went to examine more particularly into the nature of his trouble.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

At a late term of the Circuit Court of Panola county, Mississippi, a half crazy negro, named Solomon Pitts, was tried before Judge Fisher, and convicted of the crime of murder. He pleaded not guilty, but the evidence was positive, and a verdict of guilty rendered. On being arraigned for sentence, he said, in reply to the customary question of the Court, "I didn't do it." His honor, however, assuming a grave demeanor, addressed him in the manner usual in such cases, viz: "That he had been indicted by a Grand Jury; had a fair and impartial trial by twelve men, six of whom were of his own color; had been ably defended, etc., etc. In conclusion," said the Judge, "it is my duty to warn you that your days upon earth are numbered, and it behooves you to avail yourself of the little remnant of time allotted to you to make your peace with God." Just here, to the astonishment of the Judge, jury and audience, the prisoner interrupted the proceedings by saying, "*I done dat 'fore I killed dat niggah.*"

SHORT OF MEAT.

A deacon being in a neighboring town one Saturday, fell in with a travelling minister and invited him to come to his town and preach next Sunday, and to his house to dinner. So Sunday morning the deacon told his family that the minister would be there to dinner, and, as they were out of meat, told his hired boy to go to a certain place by the side of the road, and dig out a woodchuck that was supposed to have burrowed there, and they would have him for dinner. While the boy was digging away at the woodchuck hole, the minister came along on his way to preach. On seeing the boy thus digging, he hauled up and accosted him with—

"Well, my son, what are you doing there?"

"Digging out a woodchuck, sir," said the boy.

"Why, but don't you know that it is very wicked? and besides, you won't get him if you dig for him on Sunday."

"Git 'im!" said the boy. "Thunder! I've got to git 'im; the minister's coming to our house to dinner, and we ain't got any meat."

A SUFFERER from the persecutions of book canvassers writes as follows:—

"Went home an hour earlier than usual to-day, because my new boots hurt me; and it was well I did, for I found Angelina crying, and a big side-whiskered chap standing over her with a pen in his hand, trying to make her subscribe for "The Poets of the World," to be completed in four hundred numbers, if possible, to come in monthly parts, payable when delivered. He had already taken her note for thirty days for a map of Ohio (issue of 1812,) and a full set of "Noodle's Dime Romances," library size. He had almost persuaded her to subscribe to the "Poets" as I entered. "You will never feel it to pay for them by the month," said he. Here I abruptly placed the toe of my my shoe (which was built for civil war) against him, and he concluded to call some other time.

A SHOEMAKER'S BILL.—The following is said to be a true copy of a shoemaker's bill, received by a gentleman in a neighboring town, whose family consists of four or five daughters:—

Mr.——— Dr. to J. S.———,

To sculing Miss Mary, - - -	$1.22
To stamping and welting Susan,	25
To binding and closing Ellen, -	13
To putting a few stitches in Jane,	6

EFFECT OF A BAD COLD.—Little five-year-old Annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to auntie. During the day she related her various successes at school, and ended by declaring that she could read a great deal better than Sabina, who was eight years old. "Well," questioned auntie, "wouldn't it sound better if some one else said it?" "Yes," answered Annie, with a sober countenance, "I think it would. I have such a bad cold I can't say it very well."

THERE is a young lady in Milford who has been taking music lessons on the piano for some eight years. The other day she sent an order to a music store in New Haven, and fearing her spelling might not be just right, added this postcript: "You must exkews this letter, as I pla bi noat butt spell bi ere."

☞ A man dressed in full bathing costume, with a large placard on his breast, perambulated Broadway, New York, to advertise a Long Branch hotel.

WHAT IS LOVE.

What is Love? Delightful madness,
Joy and rapture, mixed with sadness,
Timid modesty, yet sly,
Peeping from an hazel eye;
Sparkling tears that softly roll
To bind in magic spells the soul.
Winning smiles that ever play
On the rosy life of May;
Dimples sporting on the cheek,
Miniatures of all that's meek;
Swelling sighs and frequent stealing,
From the heart its wish revealing,
Words that penetrate the breast,
Hushing every care to rest.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 32.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

We had failed to meet supplies, as we had expected, and were making a temporary stay at Stockton. By we, I mean Charlie Brand, Doles, and "yours truly," and as we sat conversing in the room of our hotel that summer evening, there suddenly came up to us from the street the sound of a distant cry.

"Hark!"

The uplifted finger and short ejaculation of Doles brought us into a listening attitude immediately. There was nothing but the indistinct echo of the sound which had attracted our companion's notice.

Charlie dashed up a window, and thrust his curly head outside. Doles got his profile into the same frame.

"A row in some direction," suggested Brand.

Again came the long, indistinct cry.

"Row—eh?" questioned Doles. "No, there shows the vermillion. I thought it was a cry of fire. Come on, boys."

Away went Doles's cigar, and the man was soon skipping the stairs in his headlong pace down the long flight to get outside.

"Only a few streets away, boys; try your best paces. I put up my money on Carnes's compasses that he will run out the land first. Here goes."

It was getting toward midnight, and no great number of people were on the streets; but Charlie Brand, who could whistle solos inimitably, now sang *so-high* that he brought many a night-cap out of bed and into the middle of the frame-work of the windows to ascertain the cause of the commotion.

"Fire! fire! fire!" It is a startling cry anywhere in the middle of the night, especially if it breaks in upon the sleeping citizen.

It was astonishing to see how quickly people pitched into their gear and came dashing upon the street, turning wide open eyes and mouths toward the cardinal points, and finally headed off with others running north.

There is nothing more keenly ludicrous than a hustling, jostling, running crowd. The shaky Irish trot, the long lope, the hopping spiral spring movement, the sidewise prance, and the wheezy walk—people coming upon the scene with as many *gaits* as surrounded ancient Gaza.

One square away we met a column of smoke, and a momentarily increasing wind pouring straight in upon the fire with as regular puffs as ever emanated from the throat of a blacksmith's bellows.

The fire had originated in some rough outbuildings, and when we reached the scene of action the red blaze was running out its forked, hissing tongues like an army of dragons, and lapping and curling in all directions, getting over the ground with frightful rapidity.

Puff, puff, puff, came the wind, even beginning to squeal in its mad glee, and the flames met it half way. Everybody dashed this way and that, wild with excitement, and making praiseworthy efforts to hinder everybody else from accomplishing anything.

In an hour the fire was under fearful headway, and all that could be done was to clear away before it what few things could be cared for, and bear the sick and weak to places of temporary safety.

In the hotel where we had been awaiting our supplies were stopping a family from Maine. They had arrived in the place some months previously, but owing to his wife's ill health and home-sickness, Mr. Meade had hesitated about investing his capital in the land of gold. We had met at table and in the evenings, and were much interested in the family, because they had come from our own rock-ribbed State. Mr. Meade, wife and daughter composed the family. Emily Meade was a child of twelve years, one of those rare children who can be and had been caressed and petted without being spoiled. She was a beautiful child, with a sunny, smiling face, and completely free from the affectation of shyness that taints the twelve year old girl of the period, who even at so early an age has a framework of snares in her mind whereon she aches to impale the masculine fly of the day.

Doles had had one or two wordy battles with her, and from the landing above, she more than once showered upon him the withered petals of her gay bouquets.

One night she had pursued him around the hall with a willow wand, he having refused to tell her the story connected with a long white scar that seamed his left hand, across the palm. In vain her mother laughingly called upon her to pause, and think what a spectacle she was making of herself. Suddenly, in an angle by the door, Doles turned and caught her in his arms, in such a way that no amount of struggling would release her, so she brought her branch together at the ends, and placed it, leaves and all, around his head, at which he began chanting:

"While I touch the string,
Wreath my brow with laurel,
For the tale I tell
Has for once a moral."

But a few minutes later they were sitting cosily together on the piazza, and he was telling her about the white scar.

This brief digression is necessary to show in what relation we, or Doles especially, stood toward Mr. Meade's family at the time of which I am writing.

The fire swept southerly and then westerly, going at a fearful rate, finding terror and confusion meeting it, leaving wreck and uproar behind it.

"By Jove!" says Doles, "it's after our old hotel, sure. Got any luggage there, boys?"

"All that I have there," answered Charlie, "are a tooth-brush and two cigars."

"Come around that way," retorted Doles, "so that you can seize your goods as they come out."

Yes, truly, the red fire was sweeping headlong toward the inn. Across the intervening distance it flung fold after fold of its broad, gleaming banners. Everybody worked with a will, but there wasn't water enough in Stockton, at that time, to head it in its career.

We helped the landlord get out all of his household affairs that was possible, but the boarders and travellers trying to save their effects, hindered calm, systematic operation. The roof was burning, and the fire creeping unseen along the outbuildings caught the rear, and began eating the foundation. Ere we were aware of the fact the flames at the back part of the house were streaming furiously from the foundation to the ridge-pole.

"They are all out?" I questioned of the landlord.

"Even to the sick man," was the reply.

I breathed more freely. Loss of property may be made up, loss of life never.

TOO MUCH.

RECTOR'S DAUGHTER—"Well, Dennis, and how are you getting on? How do you like your new master?"

DENNIS—"Faith, miss, I dunno!"

RECTOR'S DAUGHTER—"He's a very kind and excellent man; you can't do too much for him!"

DENNIS—"An' shure, miss, I don't mane to!"

At that moment, Mr. Meade came crashing distractedly through the crowd.

"Ah, is it you, Doles?" said he, "and where is my girl?"

"Emily—do you not know?"

"Mrs. Meade fainted with terror, and while I conveyed her out and to a place of safety, Emily, who was terribly worried about her mocking bird and its fate, slipped away."

"Would she venture into the burning house?" I questioned, aghast at possibilities.

"She is perfectly dauntless," replied her father; "and if her bird called out in its fear, or wakefulness, she would plunge into a furnace to rescue it. My God! what is to be done?"

His face was ghastly, his limbs shook so that he had to lean against a support.

"Your room?" I shouted, for I saw that he was likely to become insensible from fear and horror. "Second story north and east," he gasped.

"A ladder! a ladder!" shouted Doles, tearing his boots from his feet, and buttoning his coat closely. Charlie Brand dashed one way, and I another in quest of the article.

I seized one which a man was bearing upon his shoulder, with just the explanation "Somebody burning-up in the hotel," and the man with that forgetfulness of self, that, thank God, beams out in times of great extremity, slipped the ladder from his shoulder, and with the one ejaculation—"Run"—he bore one end along with as great rapidity as I could wish.

"Buckets," called Charlie, "buckets, form a line to the reservoir, and be ready with the buckets, for the ladder would catch on fire in three minutes."

As we dashed up to the burning building, Doles leaped out of the half-emptied cistern, where he had taken, as Charlie afterwards said, a *sitz* bath. He pressed his wet cap closely upon his dripping hair, and called out to us, "Up with the ladder, boys, to the northeast windows." But the ladder was short. It failed by several feet of reaching the desired locality.

At that moment a cry of horror burst from the crowd. At the second window east of north, as the smoke gave a sudden lift, we saw Emily Meade holding the cage with her bird in one hand, and leaning out with her face turned toward the flames that snapped and flared and lapped at her around the corner of the doomed house.

Doles saw it, and just spoke a word to himself, and then called out—

"Bring up a cask to put the ladder on."

A hogshead of molasses from a neighboring grocery came down on its side in a moment, and was bounced up to the desired situation as quickly, almost, as if it had been an eggshell. In an instant the foot of the ladder stood on the cask head, and Doles sprang from the ground upon it.

"Toss up the water, boys," he called, "you see the top will be afire in a minute."

The ladder slipped wretchedly back and forth, but, mounted upon boxes, several sturdy fellows held their shoulders to the sides to steady it, while Charlie, bareheaded and stripped to his shirt-sleeves stood down in the huge cistern, and tossed up the buckets filled with water, and they ran along our line of hands with astonishing rapidity.

Doles was nearly stifled and quite blinded, for the gables, the whole end, and the weather-boards were a snapping, nearly crumbling coal, and shingles, bits of board and every fiery thing dropped upon him, and drifted against him urged by the force of the high, relentless wind.

Up, up, up! The water dashing step by step with him, for when he could be reached no longer from the ground, an old hero—a miner from the South Forks—mounted upon a smoking, smouldering shed near by, and seizing the buckets as fast as they could be handed up to him, threw their contents with all the force of his herculean arms against the smoking ladder. The noise from the immediate crowd around had suddenly ceased, only the old miner on the shed with his two movements, the downward swoop for the bucket, and the sidewise swing of his arms to hurl the water, uttered his hoarse, automaton shout—

"Up, up, up with the water!"

The framework upon which, with his feet wide apart, he stood braced, smouldered away in the sockets and trembled with just the unvarying movements of the rough, old giant hero.

To the top, to the top of the ladder now, reaching up from the topmost round, we could discern Doles as the white smoke bellied out—but he reels heavily to and fro, and at that very moment the old giant miner fell through with the smoking frame on which he had worked with the one methodical movement peculiar to the brakes of an engine.

At this critical period Charlie Brand, smoking and panting with his exertion in the cistern, called out—

"Give him a cheer, boys, give him a cheer!"

The silence was broken by one loud, wild huzza!

A broad, red loop of seething flame swung out from the eaves and drooped around the head and hands of the hero. Just then we heard him cry out. A sudden fear seized me. At such a time, in such a place, there was not a furnace flame that could wring a cry of horror from the lips of Doles. My fear was that the red blaze had swooped upon the poor child whom we had occasionally caught sight of, where she still leaned from the window, reaching down toward the brave fellow coming up to her rescue. A canopy of black, stifling smoke gushed from the inside, preceded by an ominous crash. The ladder in the thick darkness of the smoky pall began to tremble.

"Good God! hold hard!" shouted Charlie Brand, springing upon the hogshead, "hold hard, he's coming down, and the roof is shaking."

The ladder, under the increased weight, buckled in at the centre, but with the rapidity of thought the old miner, who had scrambled from the ruins of the shed, had called up a circle of men, whose arms, stretching in to one central point, with hands interlaced, saved the fall of the brave fellow; who, as the ladder broke, sprang backward with his burden in his arms.

"Back! back!" called a score of horrified voices.

An instant's hesitation in obeying that warning would have been fatal to scores of us, as the falling of the farther side of the building and the roof, pushed upon the front and it fell *outwardly*, and where a moment before a hundred persons had stood spell-bound, now crackled a heap of blackened timber and blazing ruins.

Doles was on his feet in a moment, and bearing the child across the street to where her distracted father had been taken before, he forgot his own blisters and burns in his anxiety for her.

It took but little time to convince us of the sad, sad truth. The child's insensibility was *death*. Love's labor was lost.

More than one life went out in that destructive fire, but around no other lifeless body hung so many sad, stranger faces as around this child's. Her affectionate bravery to rescue her darling bird, her dauntless manner of meeting her fate, added to the heroic conduct of her stranger friend and rescuer, took a deep hold upon the most stoical nature.

The only words that Doles uttered concerning her were on the day of her burial. As he bent his scorched and blistered face close to hers, which was but little marred, she having been stifled with the hot smoke, we heard him say:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

A DEFENCE OF PRETTY WOMEN.

After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, but not making speeches, nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has foreworn the pursuit of beauty altogether. Does he seek it for himself, he is guessed to be frivolous, he is guessed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis, but that of a model or guardsman. But woman does for mankind what man has ceased to do. Her aim from childhood is to be beautiful. Even as a school-girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arm, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch, with silent interest, the mysterious reveries of the maiden; she is dreaming of a coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen. Insensibly she becomes an artist, her room is a studio, her glass an academy. The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvas, of Michael Angelo over his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any art creation, the result of patience, of hopes, of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings.

Woman is never perfect, never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of her cheek; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Care ploughs its lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by. But woman is still true to her ideal. She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even in her defeat. She invents new conceptions of womanly grace; she rallies at forty, and fronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes a last stand at sixty, with the beauty of age. She falls like Cæsar, wrapping her mantle around her—"buried in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!" Death listens pitifully to the longings of a lifetime, and the wrinkled face smiles with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, on the whole, makes a pleasing impression upon you. He is rather short of stature, wears a beard and moustache, both rather short and very fair. When he takes off his hat you observe that his head is very bald for a man of his years; and, although before his illness he had a somewhat plump look, at present he appears decidedly worn. He has beautiful eyes—eyes of soft blue—and the nose is small and well formed. He smiles good-naturedly, and, on the whole, seems a typical Briton, or rather an excellent type of a man you meet every day in the streets of a German as well as that of an English town—fair-haired, blue-eyed, good-natured, easy-tempered, fond of self, of easy indulgence and quiet, and utterly untroubled by earthly aspirations.

☞ A lady at Bridgeport, Conn., remained too long on a train to kiss a friend, and trying to get off after it had started, was thrown violently on her face. "If ever I kiss anybody again!" said she, vengefully, as she arose; "any woman, at least," she thoughtfully added.

Answers to Correspondents.

DICK, (Tennessee,) writes: "I have never asked you a question before, and hope you will help me out of a serious difficulty. I am a printer and have worked here for a few years. Shortly after Christmas I became acquainted with a young lady, and before long was dead in love. Things went along smoothly for a few months, when the young lady's parents and all her friends objected to my going with her. After an engagement was made, and several clandestine meetings, we succeeded in having things all right for the future. Now came the saddest part. I had a bad, a very bad habit, that of getting on an occasional spree, and almost constantly tippling, until I found I could not well get along without liquor. After getting on one spree I was forgiven and the engagement renewed. But as I did not dare go with the young lady as see her often, it put me in very low spirits. Well, about five weeks ago I went over into Arkansas to a large parade, and there got on a terrible spree, such a one as I never was on before, and but few ever get on. Of course the young lady found this out and discarded me, and would not even grant me an interview. Now I have been near crazy ever since. I know she loves me yet, but she will never marry a man that drinks. I can never love another woman as I love this one. I have not drank a drop since that unfortunate day. Would you advise me to let the lady go—that is, give her up; or try again to win her? I don't know if I could or not—but one thing I do intend to do, that is to carry myself straight. There is a good bit of don't-careism about me, and I am of a lively disposition; hence it goes hard to quiet down. It is impossible for me to forget her, and there is not a more wretched being in the community than myself. I don't know what to do. I have a sad time gathering up, or rather reaping the wild oats I have sown. Drinking is all that parted us, and I do hope I will never drink another drop. I will abide by your decision—so please give it as soon as you can." We can only say that the lady is perfectly justified, and shows her good sense by acting in the way she has. There is no worse fate could befal a woman than to have a drunken husband. We advise you by no means to give up the hope of winning her. You have had a bitter experience of the evils of drunkenness, and you need the hope of yet winning her, and the knowledge that abstinence alone will enable you to do so, to keep you in the right path. Let her see, not by five weeks, but by a year or two of sobriety, that you have really reformed, and she may relent and forgive you. If you have a Temperance Society or Order in the neighborhood, join it. It may lend you a strength that you do not seem of yourself to possess.

L. F. K. (Moncton Hills, Ohio,) says: Having gained valuable information from the correspondents' column, I submit the following: Is it lawful to carry concealed weapons? If so, what kind? What per cent. is my handwriting?" It is against the laws of many of the States to carry concealed deadly weapons—though such laws are of doubtful constitutionality, as the Constitution of the United States says that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Your handwriting ranks about 66 per cent. It has the valuable merit of plainness.

A. H. (Hillsdale, Ill.) "Pemberton" will probably be republished in book-form in the course of the ensuing Autumn, when due notice will be given in our columns. The author is naturally much pleased with the warm encomiums bestowed upon the story by A. H. and many others.

MAY (Griffin, Iowa,) writes: "I am a little girl, thirteen years old, and wish you to tell me why we should not spell Chicago thusly—*Shekaugo?* Sheboygan is an Indian name, and the pronunciation of the first syllables of the two words is the same. Besides Chi does not spell *She*, nor Ca, *Kau*; and I think that in the absence of all rules the pronunciation should always govern the spelling. I have no doubt that this bad spelling had more to do with the destruction of the city than the old cow that kicked the lamp over." May is too young to know what awful havoc her rule of governing the spelling by the pronunciation would make if applied to modern languages, our own included. She is also somewhat extravagant in her opinion as to the pronunciation of Chicago. There are other English words commencing with Ch which have precisely the same sound, though local custom may have made it somewhat more declared in this case. As for the second syllable, it has a common sound of a. She would need, on her rule, to spell water, *wauter*.

MARGARET A. D. (Rose Down,) says: "Will you tell me what books I can get which will help me to learn short hand? I want to study without a teacher, if possible. Do you think I can?" Yes, almost as well as with one, if you have sufficient application and perseverance. Graham's Hand Book of Standard Phonography will be all the work you will need for a long time.

C. McF. (Ohio,) says: "Allow me to ask you a few questions. 1st. How long does it take for a dispatch to cross the Atlantic on the cable? 2d. Would one foot square and one square foot be the same? What do you think of my writing? Is it good or bad, and if it is good, is it good enough to get a situation as book-keeper?" 1st. It depends entirely on the length of the dispatch. Each wave of the electric force traverses the wire almost instantaneously, but as there must be several motions of the operator's finger for each letter, and as there must be a certain interval between each wave, considerable time is occupied in sending a long dispatch. 2d. Yes, they are the same. Your writing is good, but some of your letters are not formed after the best models. You need practice.

A FORRIGNER, (Warren Co., Ind.,) writes: "Having been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, and being deeply interested in the perusal of the correspondents' column, I beg leave to submit for your consideration a few questions. 1st. Is there any positive proof that Columbus did not discover America first? 2d. Why are the Bahama Islands so called; also, are they in the possession of the United States? 3d. How is Cuba governed? 4th. Are the inhabitants of Cuba intelligent, and what is their complexion, stature, habits, &c.? 5th. Who is the best violinist in the world, of what country a native, mode of study, &c. 6th. Did George Washington belong to any church denomination, if so, to what one? 7th. May a young man justly be considered reserved, selfish, &c., who tries to mind his own business, and does not attend all the parties, &c., to which he is invited? 8th. Is an independent manner the most attractive to the women, if so, to what extent? 9th. Would not lovers experience a greater regard for the company of each other after having been separated for several months than otherwise, or would they grow distant to each other by said separation, as the general supposition is that absence conquers love? 10th. Is there not apt to be doubt of faithfulness between most lovers at times? 11th. When a gentleman and lady have been at outs with each other would it not be proper for the man to make apologies after having learned that it was caused by the interference of meddlers?" 1st. It is positively known that the Scandinavians discovered America, five centuries before the voyage of Columbus. They discovered Iceland in 874, Greenland in 978, and America, as far south as New Bedford, Massachusetts, by the year 1000. They formed a settlement which existed for a considerable time. There are also reasons to believe that America was colonized both from Europe and Asia at a very remote period in the past. The discovery of Columbus, however, is the only one that was made on scientific premises, and that has had a result of importance to the modern world. 2d. The name of the Bahama Islands is probably of Indian origin. They belong to England. 3d. Cuba is divided into three provinces. The principal governor is called the Captain General. He is appointed by the Spanish Government, and has military control of the whole island. The civil government is confined to the Western province, the Central and Eastern having governors of their own, responsible only to the Court of Spain. 4th. The Cubans are intelligent, though education is not at as high a grade as with us. Their complexion is dark, their stature and habits not materially different from our own. 5th. Ole Bull has probably the most admirers of any living violinist. He is a Norwegian. 6th. Washington attended the Episcopal Church. He had a pew in Christ Church in this city. 7th. Every man has a right to dispose of his own time, if he does so to his own advantage, and to the injury of no one else. But it is certainly advantageous to cultivate social habits to a proper extent, and you should not be too indifferent to the wishes of your friends. 8th. We really cannot say. Women themselves differ so. What may be meat to one would be poison to another. 9th. In some cases separation might be useful, in others detrimental. No social rule applies to all cases. 10th. Very likely. 11th. Certainly. It is always a manly action to apologize when you feel you have been in the wrong, whether you be responsible or not for the original misunderstanding.

J. D. (Waxahackie, Texas,) writes: "Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, and seeing the good advice you impart to the young and ignorant through your correspondents' column, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. 1st. Do you think a young man of moral habits and good standing in society, and working on a salary of thirteen hundred dollars per year, with a good prospect for a partnership, and who spends out of this amount about six hundred dollars annually could support a wife decently, and lay anything aside out of that amount? 2d. Would you deem it advisable for me to marry now at nineteen, or wait until I am older? 3d. Do you think I could do better as book-keeper in some city? I am a very good accountant, but don't like the confinement, but will do anything to make the most money, as my whole ambition is centered on that point, to be wealthy." Stay where you are, continue single until you have arrived at a proper age to marry, (say at least twenty-one), then with several thousand dollars saved in your pocket, with settled habits of industry and economy, a good salary, and with some experience of the world, you can safely venture on marriage when the proper person is found. A marriage at your age would probably be governed by mere momentary fancy and impulse. After two or three years reason and experience may step in and help you to a more judicious decision. As to leaving a good position for the chance of becoming a book-keeper in a city, it would be about the worst step you could take. As to supporting a wife on thirteen hundred, what is to hinder when you can support yourself on less than half of it? Finally, we are sorry to hear a youth of nineteen claiming to have no higher aim in life than to become wealthy.

CONSTANCE L., (Locust Dale, Va.,) says: "I hope you will pardon my intrusion, but I have a question I would like answered. I have dark hair, eyes and skin; and I have lived to be eighteen, and have never yet found a becoming color. Will you be kind enough to tell me what is my color?" You might try cherry-color, or some other shade of red. Buff or corn-color would also suit you—and also salmon.

LINA writes: "I want to know, if I become a regular contributor to your column of Enigmas, would you be willing to make me any remuneration? Will you be kind enough to answer in your correspondents' column?" We never pay for Enigmas, receiving all we need from friends who compose them as a recreation.

MARGARET DOUGLASS, Pa.—"Which Conquered?" is respectfully declined.

M. M. I. (Stratford,) asks: "Can a large packet, 50 or 100 pages, be sent you best by express or mail?" Either is sufficiently safe. You had better be governed by the question of which mode is the cheaper.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 4, 30, 21, 1, 10, 42, 48, 12, 49, 40, is one of Thackeray's novels.
My 7, 39, 52, 9, 19, 31, is one of Shakspeare's plays.
My 9, 45, 40, 35, is one of the books of the New Testament.
My 18, 49, 3, 14, 37, 6, is a flower.
My 46, 15, 50, 51, 25, 21, is the name of a large city.
My 18, 3, 50, 34, 42, is what every one wishes to have.
My 29, 15, 40, 32, 17, is a very useful animal.
My 45, 5, 23, 11, 27, is a river of the lower world, whose waters cause forgetfulness of the past.
My 26, 15, 41, 25, 36, 8, 50, is the name of a very wise man.
My 22, 8, 20, 13, 24, awaits us all.
My 43, 35, 42, is a kind of terrier.
My 44, 33, 20, 31, is something all have suffered from lately.
My 53, 46, 22, 38, 40, is a flower—its meaning is compassion.
My whole is a verse from the Bible.

LINA.

METAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three letters mine, and all intact,
I'm ever used to slay—
Alter my first and 'tis a fact,
I live in mirth and play.
Restore my head, my second changed,
And you will know my name;
It leads to ruin, sorrow, sin,
And brings bright heads to shame.
One, two, in line, expunge my third,
And place one in its room,
An article in constant use
You see me then become.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1 is a favorite beverage.
My 2 are things that are always kept in a hardware store.
My whole is something that an officer of the law never forgets to come to you for.
Sussex, Va. ANDREW ——.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in cake, but not in pie.
My 2d is in how, also in why.
My 3d is in spoil, but not in mend.
My 4th is in receive, but not in lend.
My 5th is in flax, but not in tow.
My 6th is in snowing, but not in snow.
My 7th is in coat, but not in vest.
My whole is one of the cities out West.
Belleville, Wis. JUNIUS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is one whom you should ne'er forget.
My second traverses the stormy sea.
My whole's agreeable where e'er it's met,
And is quite a source of happiness to thee.
Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

To strike.
Always.
Vowels.
One of the gaits of a horse.

II.

A city in Europe.
An ancient writer.
Not harsh.
A boy's name.
Wadesville, Va. A. I. K.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—Julius Cæsar. Act IV. Scene III.

CHARADE—Ant-e-lope.

BURIED MOUNTAINS—Everest, Etna, Andes, Atlas, Pico, Erebus, Hecla, Corno, Pardu, Kong, Ural, Snow.

CRYPTOGRAPHS—1. "Come one and all." 2. The widow's mite.

RECEIPTS.

SHOULDER OF LAMB GRILLED.—The shoulder of lamb is good roasted plain, but better cooked in the following manner:—Score it in checkers about an inch long, rub over a little butter, the yolk of an egg; then roll it in pounded bread-crumbs, sprinkle on salt and pepper, and sweet herbs, and bake until a light brown, with a little water in the baking-pan. This can be served with a simple gravy; but one made as follows, is nicer:—Take half a pint of the drippings of the lamb, mix it with the same quantity of water, set it where it will boil, thicken with flour and water, add a large spoonful of tomato catsup, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, salt and pepper to the taste.

GREEN CORN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Green corn may be preserved by packing it tightly in casks or barrels, and covering it with a brine strong enough to keep cucumbers. The corn should be packed with the husk on. Corn thus prepared, if kept covered with brine, will keep in good order for a year or more, and will be sufficiently fresh for the table when boiled.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them for a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them until they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

APPLE JELLY.—Boil your apples in water till they are quite to a mash; then put them through a flannel bag to drip. To every pint of the juice put one pound of sugar; boil till it jellies; season with lemon juice and peel to your taste a little before it is finished. This jelly is excellent, and of a beautiful color.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil ½ pint of rice in milk until soft; then stir it gradually, while still hot, into the well-beaten yelks of 4 eggs, and add 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavor if desired. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add to them 4 tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, and a little flavor, pour over the prepared pudding, and set in the oven until nicely browned.

SAGO JELLY.—A teacupful of sago, boiled in three pints and a half of water till ready. When cold, add half a pint of raspberry syrup. Pour it into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and let it stand until it is sufficiently set to turn out well. When dished, pour a little cream round it, if preferred.

STRAW MATTING may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth, dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry; the salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.